TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Without straining Justice, the man Samo, who has been in jail for a considerable time on caplases, might be set at liberty. It is a general belief that he is incarcerated for forgery, but I am told that he has been admitted to bail on those charges and is now held for debt. No matter what shape it takes, imprisonment for debt is a cruel and mediæval process, which should not be permitted under any guise. If I am correctly informed, the banks, which as a rule are not altogether blameless in such matters as the Samo case, would do well to relax their rigor a bit. Samo has failed so often and under such peculiar circumstances that his reputation for commercial honesty does not stand high; but in matters of law it is well to adhere to the fact that he is now a prisoner for debt, and it is not a very pleasant showing in a Christian community that a man can be admitted to bail on the charge of forgery, while held in prison because he cannot, or his creditors suppose he will not, pay his debts.

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The other evening I was the uninvited witness of one of the most prolonged kissing affairs I ever saw. I do not know whether she was kissing him for a wager or to find out how many revolutions her kisser could make in a minute, but as I could not get away for a little time, I think she reached a record of about a hundred a minute. He seemed to ratner like it, though as a public exhibition I think I prefer a base-ball match; there is more excitement for a spectator and less monotony for everybody concerned. On a boat even when the lights burn low and clouds hide the stars, and the man in the moon has to quit "looking down," the amatory couple, if they have any regard for the feelings of their fellow-passengers, should put up an umbrella or keep their kisses till they get home. She lay against his shoulder, her soft, warm lips, as the novels would say, just touched his manly cheek, and then she put up a delicate hand and clamped it over his other cheek and pulled his face down to where she could kiss him without dislocating her willowy spine. They were evidently all gone on one another, but I wish through the medium of these valuable columns to suggest, in fact to point out, that aside from the question of delicacy as regards the general public, the fair maiden can very easily overdo that sort of thing as regards the kissee himself. After a while, kisses which come in such plentiful showers grow monotonous, even if at the beginning the man has any appetite to have his face moistened all over like a postage stamp. A little wholesome reserve in private, not to say anything about public exhibitions, adds to a woman's charm. None of the lads, even if they are grown into old and grisly manhood, will forget the delight of stolen kisses, or the unspeakable bliss of getting those which are hard to get, and packed away in the memory somewhere they can find an unspeakable repugnance to cheap kisses and the girls who are always ready to be kissed and to kiss back. Aside from the danger and indelicacy of the foolish and promiscuous kissing which is so often permitted, it is well for even wives and engaged sweethearts to remember that when diamonds fall like hailstones they will go out of fashion and be considered a nuisance instead of a jewel.

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I do not know how the conduct of the new Emperor of Germany strikes the majority of people, but it seems to me the young man is getting his head swelled, and is strutting around with the ostentatious pride of a boy exhibiting his first pair of trowsers. Our English prejudices are wounded, naturally enough, by the marked affronts he has continually offered to the British nation. He has honored his father's enemies, and seems to delight in being offensive to his mother's friends. Whether or not the story is true that his royal mother is little better than a prisoner in his palace, his treatment of her shows him to be destitute of the filial affection of a son or the chivalry of a king. He assumed the office of Emperor on the death of one of the noblest of men, the most chivalric of princes and the bravest of soldiers, whose name will ever brighten the pages of European history, and yet, as women say, before "the bastings are out of his mourning," he is away on a triumphal progress, banqueting with monarchs, and joining in the semi-barbaric festivities of the Russian Czar. His feverish desire to show himself off and display his greatness, bodes ill for the peace of the Fatherland and leads us to easily believe the rumor that he is eaten of the itch of ambition and burning for the bloody glories of the battle-field. The last Emperor of France, though perhaps a less capable man, came to ruin by displaying just such a spirit, and the young man of Germany may yet have his head reduced in a very sudden and melancholy way.

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The Irish Nationalists in Toronto and hereabouts propose to banquet Hon. Edward Blake on his return from the Old Country. This is to be done as a recognition of the honorable gentleman's services in the cause of Home Rule during his recent visit to Ireland. I believe Mr. Blake is sincere in his sympathy for the cause he is espousing, and as the primary committee who have the matter in hand is composed of a Protestant clergyman, a conservative editor, and a Grit, it is evidently not intended as a political or a religious affair, and I cannot see what harm it will do in view of the fact that the Irishmen of Canada seem determined to retain their party factions in this western world, where they would be much better employed in building up the future of their adopted country. After the immense parade on the twelfth of July, it does not lie in the mouths of those who took part in it to criticise the Home Rulers for tendering a banquet to one who has seen fit to do battle for their cause, but the Canadian who is allied with neither faction has reason to deplore the continual introduction of Imperial questions to disturb our colonial peace. The banquet, as affording an opportunity for Mr. Blake to address himself to the Canadian people, will be a welcome event. I have never been a believer in Mr. Blake's fitness for political leadership, but I admire his ability and will read with genuine pleasure his views of the Irish question. In later years, when Mr. Blake's past connection with the Liberal party has become less associated with present partisan bitterness, his fellow-citizens will feel proud of him, and if that time had now arrived, it would be a pleasant thing for the citizens of Toronto, irrespective of nationality or party, to welcome, at some public gathering, a man whose speech would be so well worth hearing. Unfortunately, he does not yet occupy a sufficiently neutral position to make this possible, and unless the welcome be tendered him by a faction, he will receive no recognition. This is sadly true of all great questions, and leading men; unless they are taken up by a faction, they are ignored entirely. We seem to have no national heart, and to be unable to love anyone, unless he joins with us in some petty hatred which should be forgotten.

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Talking about banquets and speeches suggests the Dominion Day celebration by the Canadians in London. Donald Macmaster, Q. C., who was the originator of the idea, is an exceedingly clever man and it is a pity he is out of parliament. He is a shrewd fellow, witty, courageous and understands men. This can be said about very few of the sub-leaders in the Conservative party, and about none of the Grits in the Dominion House. His "corkscrew," speech in the Local Legislature first brought him into prominence as a public speaker.

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If W. R. Meredith should go into the Dominion Cabinet, as I believe he will when Sir John retires, Donald Macmaster and our own "Ned" Clarke could, I believe, organize an independent Provincial party which would obtain power in Ontario.

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Reverting to the London banquet, it must have been a very swell affair. The Whitehall rooms of the Hotel Metropole are the "swellest" in London, and the spread must have cost quite a pile of money. Hon. Oliver Mowat is reported as having made a very happy speech—one which could not be quoted against him, and yet which no doubt sounded sweetly in the ears of the noble guests who are apt to take an imperialistic view of this country's future.

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Those who know Mr. Blake well are not surprised that the state of his health did not permit him to attend the banquet. His health has the happy faculty of participating in his moods, and it has often been an awkward factor for his friends to manage. Unlike Mr. Mowat, he does not care to hob-nob with his opponents, nor is he inclined to say sweet things to please aristocratic ears. This latter is a feature I rather admire. It is better to be absent than talk Imperial Federation rubbish as Dalton McCarthy did.

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We have too little good speech-making in this country, our rhetoric being apparently reserved, except during political campaigns, for the courts and the churches. It is a pity we cannot hear public questions touched upon more frequently when social restraint will prevent the speakers from being brutal if not bitter in their treatment of their opponents. After-dinner oratory is frequently very stupid, because stupid men are selected to speak, or insufficient time is given them for preparation. In a good toast list no one has a better opportunity than the post-prandial orator to be pleasing, if he has sense enough to be brief and good-natured. A good dinner prepares a man to listen complacently to views with which he may not agree, particularly when the ideas are well arranged and pleasantly spoken. After-dinner speaking is an art which every young man who has his way to make in the professional world should carefully study. It is the sort of thing that attracts attention and makes friends. All that is necessary is to have a good conversational style, free from affectation, and the knack of telling a good story.

One of the saddest affairs of the season was the drowning accident at L'Assomption, in which Joseph Landreville lost his four little boys, aged six, eight, ten and twelve years. Three of the brave little fellows lost their lives trying to rescue the first one who fell in the river, and the correspondent who tells of it does not need much descriptive talent to impress us with the sadness of the scene, when the bodies were recovered and placed side by side on the grassy river bank with the bereaved father bending in an agony of grief over his dead babies. The story is made all the sadder by the fact that the father had but lately lost his wife. What a home-going it must have been after burying his children by the side of their mother in the village churchyard! One vacant chair is saddening enough in a home, but when Joseph Landreville sits by his deserted table, across which his boys and their mother once smiled on him at the evening meal, one can but barely imagine his desolation and grief. Alone, he hears no sound but the echo of the laughter that is forever gone, no kisses greet him and o ne can see him as he sits there with breaking heart and almost feel a share in his grief.

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This is the season of the year when toilers in offices and warehouses are casting about for a good place to spend their holidays. Anyone who can provide a recipe for having a good time for a couple of weeks would be a benefactor to the thousands who are anxious to spend their play days to the best advantage. Though I may know very little about it I think I can give some valuable hints.

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In the first place count your money and see how much you can afford to spend. Don't spoil your holidays by going to a place too rich for your blood. Nothing makes a man or woman feel so mean as to be traveling with a crowd whose pace they can't afford. It is a good motto, "Pay as you go. If you can't pay don't go." The thought of suffering privation or embarrassment in the winter as the result of trying to cut a wide swath somewhere in the summer is enough to freeze all the fun out of the gayest heart.

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Don't visit friends unless you are positive they are anxious to have you and can afford to keep you. Go where you will be independent. I am not speaking to the rich now; I suppose they all went summering a month or two ago. If during work days you sighed for a longer sleep in the morning go for your holidays where you can sleep. Take your fill of it. Have a regular debauch of sleep as it were. If your daily life has been dull and narrow, if you have been anxious to see people and places, take that sort of a trip and don't let anyone persuade you to go fishing. If you have been mixing with a crowd and have been wishing to get away from it, gratify your desire and take to the woods or some quiet shore.

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If you are a woman and have been pining to see beyond the walls of your little home and aching to get a glimpse of the world of fashion, go to some watering place where the gay dresses and inspiriting music will lift you out of your old self. Husbands, don't take your tired wives, whose minds and souls have been growing seamy and patched with mending the girls' frocks and repairing the boys' clothes, to some dull old farm house where they will see nothing but dish-washing and cow-milking and drudgery which will make them as tired as if they were doing it themselves. Take them to some gay place where they won't see anybody work, where they won't have to do any work themselves. Let them have a glimpse of the jollities, perchance the frivolities of woman-life. Get them away from the children awhile, even if grandma or aunt somebody has to suffer; you can reciprocate later on. Let the tired mother and anxious housewife have a genuine holiday! It is no rest to have them go and visit some overburdened sister and listen to her woes and sympathize with her lame back. For children there is no place like the country or a sandy beach. Let them wear old clothes and have a rough and tumble time even if they take a few chances of falling down a well or breaking their necks in a haymow.

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Do you know my own idea of having a good time these hot summer days, would be for a party of friends to go on Lake Huron or Lake Superior with a schooner, rigged up as a sort of a floating camp, with crew enough to sail it from one little bay to another. What fun it would be to explore the creeks, and fish and loaf, and feel that whenever you want the ship to move on, on she goes. It would not cost very much, and there would be unlimited fun in it. A little steam yacht to move the traps from one place to another, with a camp on land, would fill the bill.

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Some summer when I can afford the time I am going to take a "prairie schooner" and go off into the valleys and mountains again and be more or less monarch of all I survey. There is scarcely a week when skies are fair, but the memory of those old days in the mountains and on the plains comes back to me with a rush, and I feel like resuming a flannel shirt and the gipsy life I used to love. This very minute I would give more for a chance to live in a canvas-covered wagon with my horses and dogs and guns around me than in the best mansion Toronto can afford. There was a freedom, contentment and glorious sense of animal comfort which never comes to me now. Perhaps even with the old life it might never come back, but I am going to try it again some summer. I wish I were now where I could hear the branches of the cotton woods rubbing against the canvas of the wagon top and see the river winding through the valley, with the hazy mountains in the distance, and feel the breezes, heavy with the scent of magnolia and sweet with the chirping of birds, and, like Azim, but unresisting

> "Feel lif witchery glide
> Through every sense. The perfume, breathing round
> Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
> Of falling waters, lulling as the song
> Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
> Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
> In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep!
> And music, too—dear music! that can touch
> Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
> Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
> Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;"

or—

> "Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
> How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
> With half drooped eyelids still,
> Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
> To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
> His waters from the purple hill,
> To hear the dewy echoes calling—
> From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
> To watch the emerald-colored waters falling
> Through many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine!
> Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine
> Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine,
> To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
> Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height."

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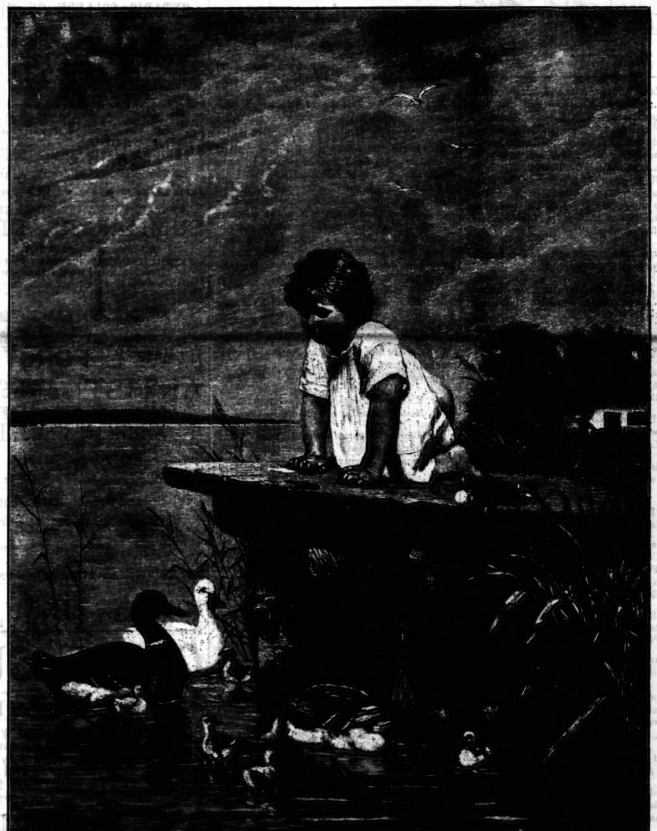
Ah me! Instead of this sort of thing I suppose I'll have to stay home or take care of the baby when we go for a trip on the Chicora; and I reckon it is intellectually no worse for one than loafing around a camp wagon and getting too lazy to do anything but sleep. DON.

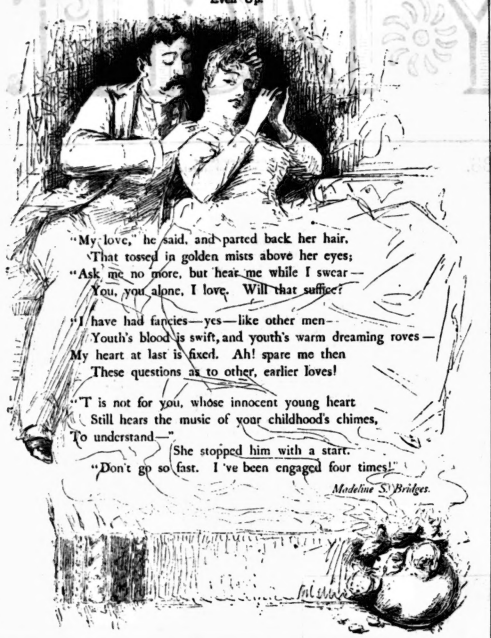
There is no protection against slander. Let us pay no attention to these foolish prattlers; let us try to live in innocence and allow the world to talk.—*Moliere.*

In benevolent natures the impulse of pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions work so instantaneous an effect that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited.—*Sterne.*



YOUNG DUCKS.

Even Up.



"My love," he said, and parted back her hair,
That tossed in golden mists above her eyes;
"Ask me no more, but hear me while I swear—
You, you alone, I love. Will that suffice?"

"I have had fancies—yes—like other men—
Youth's blood is swift, and youth's warm dreaming roves—
My heart at last is fixed. Ah! spare me then
These questions as to other, earlier loves!

"I is not for you, whose innocent young heart
Still hears the music of your childhood's chimes,
To understand—"

She stopped him with a start.

"Don't go so fast. I've been engaged four times!"

Madeline S. Bridges.

Society.

Mr. A. C. F. Boulton sailed for Europe on the White Star liner Republic last Saturday. He will return in a couple of months.

•

Mrs. Henry Moffatt went to Cobourg for the hop at the Arlington last Saturday night.

•

Mr. E. Strachan Cox is staying at the Spencer House, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

•

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. R. Stirling were among the passengers of the Republic (W. S. L.), which sailed from New York last Saturday. Mrs. Stirling will remain in Europe for about a year, visiting relations, but Mr. Stirling will only make a short stay.

•

After spending a fortnight at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Miss Alice Heward started to-day for Muskoka, to be there for several weeks visiting friends.

•

Miss Kingsmill and Miss Boulton stayed at Niagara-on-the-Lake three days last week.

•

Mrs. Edward Brown is spending the summer at Lakefield, Ont.

•

Miss Bessie Jones has gone to the sea-side, near Boston, for a month.

•

Mrs. Bunting's tennis party on Monday evening of last week was a most enjoyable affair. The night was charming and clear. Tennis was kept going till dark, in three courts. Indeed, I hear some were so enthusiastic over the game that they played by moonlight. Afterwards dancing was enjoyed by a number. Others seemed to prefer the shady verandah, and a quiet little flirtation or strolling about the pretty grounds. Miss E. Horrocks assisted her aunt, Mrs. Bunting, in doing the honors of hostess in an untiring way so that no one was left without a partner, etc. Supper was partaken of about ten o'clock, after which a reluctant good-night was said. Some of those present were: Dr. Nattrass, Mr. and Miss Hart, Miss Birchall, Miss Ellis, the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Miss Robarts, Mr. Wilfred Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Badgerow, the Messrs. Horrocks, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, the Misses Harris, Mr. Fred. Gillespie, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. H. F. Wyatt.

•

Mr. Stuart Heath is spending a short vacation at Rice Lake.

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The Arlington Hotel, Cobourg, gains in favor every summer. Under the management of Mrs. Vasie, who took it on trial last summer, it is everything that can be desired. The table is excellent, dainties being served in such a tempting way, and the proprietress is untiring in her efforts to please. Last Saturday night the first hop of the season came off with success, and they are to be continued to the end of the season fortnightly. Every summer sport and amusement can be indulged in at this delightfully situated hotel. The tennis court has been thoroughly done over, and those who play on it speak well of its condition. Boating, bowling and baseball are enjoyed by many. A number of the guests registered at the hotel are the following: A. C. Cox, wife and family, Utica, N.Y.; George Pemberton and wife, Florida; Col. Goldie, London, Eng.; Admiral Rodgers, wife and family, Washington; I. Mathews, London, Eng.; S. Alcorn and wife, Toronto; Mrs. J. J. Foy and family, Toronto; Mr. Gregory, wife and family, Detroit, Mich.; Gerald Hayward, wife and children, Toronto; Mrs. James Macnab, Mrs. J. L. Scarth and family, Mrs. A. C. Galt and child, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Doty, wife and family, Detroit; Miss Wald, Rochester; Miss A. Cammack, New Orleans; Mrs. T. G. Bright and family, Mrs. Bruce Harman and family, Toronto; Mrs. C. H. Hodges and child, Detroit; Erskine Clements, wife and family, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Hugh W. Dwyer and family, Mrs. O. M. Poe and daughter, Detroit; Mrs. H. W. D. Armstrong and family, Cobourg; Rev. Edward C. Bill, wife and family, Minnesota; F. M. Hallister, wife and family, Mrs. Green and daughter, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mrs. F. Nerlinger and son, Miss Krigganhaber, Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. Thomas J. Gallagher and family, John C. Gallagher and wife, Cincinnati, O.; G. Kohn, wife and family, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Sibley and family, W. E. Baubie, wife and family, Detroit, Mich.; W. D. Birchall, wife and child, Toronto; Col. Montgomery and daughter, Washington; C. A. Doolittle, wife and family, Utica, N.Y.; the last six families mentioned having spent last summer at the Arlington also.

•

Mr. George Armour is at home in Cobourg for his holidays from Hoboken, N.J.

•

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Gooderham, three children and nurse, are staying at the New Massassaga Park Hotel, Belleville.

•

Miss Lillie Kerr spent a few days with friends at Niagara-on-the-Lake last week.

•

Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden leaves for the seaside early next Wednesday and will spend several weeks in the vicinity of Quebec.

•

Mr. B. Homer Dixon arrived from the Old Country with his family this week after an absence of a couple of years.

•

Miss Birchall spent a few days at Niagara Falls last weeks.

•

Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mrs. George Jarvis and Miss Langmuir are guests at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls.

•

Miss Madeline Cameron, daughter of Mrs. Hillyard Cameron of this city, was married to Lieut. T. Foster, whose regiment is stationed at present in India, on Tuesday of last week at London, England.

•

Mrs. Kingston of Bresdalbane street has returned to town after a month's enjoyment at Niagara Falls, Ont.

•

Miss Langtry, daughter of Rev. John Langtry, is holidaying in the country.

•

The formal opening of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club takes place on Tuesday afternoon of next week. May it be as prosperous as the Toronto L. T. C. on Front street.

•

Col. and Mrs. Sweeny are staying at Eastwood, the guests of Mrs. T. C. Patteson.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon passed through the city this week on their way from Strathallan, Senator Allan's summer residence, to Gaspe.

•

Mr. T. C. Patteson expects to sail for Canada, from England, during the first week in August.

•

Mr. Edin Heward, who was in town for a few days last week, has returned to Edinswold, Mrs. Stephen Heward's pretty place on Lake Simcoe.

•

Colonel and Mrs. Denison have left for a short visit to their island on Lake Rosseau. It would be interesting to know whether visitors to the police court find the number of their dollars or days increased or diminished in the absence of the colonel.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have forsaken the Grange at a time when it must be most pleasant, and have gone for a short time to Banff and British Columbia.

•

Miss Wakem of Chicago, and the Misses Larratt-Smith returned to town for a few days this week. Miss Wakem returns shortly to Chicago, and the Misses Smith will again betake themselves to Muskoka.

•

Mr. Alan Macdougall has come back much benefited by his voyage and stay in England. Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall have taken one of the houses on Col. Denison's estate in the far west.

•

Mr. Ernest Heaton has gone to the Georgian Bay to make one of the large party which comes and goes from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's charming place.

•

Where is the impressario of enterprise to whom I appealed a short time ago? A good company at the Horticultural Gardens either in grand or comic opera would draw right well. Somebody is missing a great opportunity.

•

A wedding, in which society will take the greatest interest, and the arrangement of which I have only refrained from mentioning on account of our dislike to publishing engagements, at all events until the day is fixed, is likely to take place in September. The initiated will guess the names, others must wait awhile for their information.

•

The parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, was filled to overflowing on Wednesday of last week on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mabel Mary Kitto, the eldest daughter of Rev. J. F. Kitto, vicar of the parish, to Mr. Edwin Howard Hill of Davenport farm, Qu'Appelle, North-West Territories, elder son of Mr. Albert Hill, Priory Side, Tottenham. The wedding ceremony was conducted by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Wakefield, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto and Rev. Vivian E. Sternie. The church was most tastefully decorated, and a large and fashionable congregation assembled to do honor to the occasion. Among those present were noticed: Lady Wantage, Lady F. Cavendish, the Hon. Miss Kinnaird, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Redpath and many others whose names are equally well known in Canada and in London. After the ceremony Mrs. Kitto received a large number of guests at the vicarage adjoining the church, where many rich and beautiful presents to the bride were displayed. The bride and bridegroom leave for their Canadian home in the Parisian next week. The Rev. J. F. Kitto is well known for the interest which he has taken in emigration to Canada, and all will join in hoping that his daughter will be as happy in her new home in Canada as are the many others whom he has been the means of settling here.

•

Mr. Arthur Allan of cricketing fame returns to England before long. Mr. Allan intends to make England his future home.

•

Mr. Colin Campbell of Montreal spent a day or two here this week on his way to the west.

•

Mr. Alexander Duncan of Edinburgh, who sometime ago lived here, has returned for a short visit.

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This is not the season usually most fruitful of engagements, but I hear of two which seem really settled, both of fashionable interest, and of a third there is considerable talk. The two first seem to owe their existence to the close and familiar intercourse which the so-called "camp life" gives, or to the romantic moonlit nights of the Muskoka district. No such inducements are alleged for the third and as nobody seems to know how it came about, it is perhaps *vox et praterea nihil.*

•

Mr. F. Kershaw of the York and Lancaster Regiment has returned to town from Dr. Larratt Smith's island in Muskoka.

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Capt. Sears and Mr. Gordon Jones are having splendid sport on that prince among trout streams, the River Nepigon.

•

Mr. Cassimer Dickson is staying with his aunt, Miss Dickson, at her place near Galt.

•

Mrs. George Torrance leaves the Island shortly to join the already large contingent of Toronto people at Murray Bay.

•

Mr. Albert Nordheimer who only accompanied Mrs. Nordheimer a short distance on her way to Banff, has taken a cottage at the Island for a couple of months for the benefit of his children.

•

Miss Robinson has left for Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, where she will entertain many friends during the month of August.

•

Mr. Beverley Robinson has returned from the Island and is staying for a short time at Sleepy Hollow.

•

Hon. Geo. W. Allan and Mrs. Allan have gone to Strathallan, their charming place on Lake Simcoe.

Out of Town.

SIMCOE.

Mrs. Becher, of Thornwood, London, and Mrs. Jeffrey Hale of Brantford are visiting at this place.

Miss Bald, B.A., of Brantford, is visiting Miss MacMahon.

Miss Dickson, Port Huron, Mich., and Miss Gillman, Chicago, Ill., are guests at Mr. J. Brooks.

The Misses Kerr of Cobourg are visiting at Registrar Donley's.

Mrs. Wilson of Woodstock is visiting Colonel Tisdale's.

Mrs. Ford of Brantford is staying with Mrs. Slaght.

Messrs. Hanniford of Montreal and Boultbee of Toronto are at the Batterby.

Tuesday of last week was the scene of a very enjoyable dance at Lynnwood, the home of Mr. Duncan Campbell, the occasion being the home coming of Mrs. Becher of Thornwood, London, and Mrs. Jeffrey Hale of Brantford. The night was all that could be desired. The floor and appointments were perfect. Those who did not dance had ample opportunities for enjoying pleasant strolls in the well-kept grounds, which were prettily illuminated with many-colored lights adding much to the loveliness of the place. As the ladies of Simcoe are noted for their tastefully arranged and pretty gowns, it is needless to say that they more than justified their reputation. Mrs. Becher looked well in a handsome black lace, with a profusion of white flowers in her hair and dress. Miss MacMahon was most charming in a mauve gown, with mauve tips in her hair and corsage. The plain classical style of this gown lavished decided individuality in taste, as well as suiting most admirably an enviable, chaste style. Miss Tisdale wore an elaborate black net, which showed off to advantage her splendid figure.

Mrs. Slaght gave a smart dance. Amongst the visitors present we noticed, Mrs. Ford of Brantford, Miss Despard of Toronto, Miss Bald of Brantford, Dr. David Thompson and his brother Mr. Walter Thompson of Cayuga. The costumes of the young widows, and by the way we know of no place that has so many charming widows, were by far the most taking, especially we noticed Mrs. King who looked superb in a delicately tinted cream surah with graceful mauve trimmings and magnificent diamond ornaments. Mrs. Killmaster looked bewitching in a handsome black lace with gold ornaments.

AGUE.

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SHIVERING after a whole night's journey from Killarney to Dublin, we were not sorry in the gray morning to slip between the glacier-like sheets of the Shelbourne Hotel. Our journey from the railway station to the tavern where we put up, led us to believe that Dublin was made up mostly of breweries and whisky factories, cemented together by saloons. Shelbourne Hotel is a magnificent building facing on St. Stephen's Green, which is one of the most beautiful parks in Ireland. It was laid out at an immense cost, defrayed by Lord Ardilaun, better known as Sir Arthur Guinness, still better known as Guinness' Stout. We were informed that it is the West End, or fashionable part of Dublin.

College Green was the object of our first pilgrimage, where we gazed on the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament House. It was started the beginning of last century when real estate was cheap, and cost nearly half a million dollars. After England decided that Ireland didn't need a Parliament, the Bank of Ireland bought it for about two hundred thousand dollars. They appear to have found it a very good investment. The present cash office was formerly the Court of Bequests. It is seventy feet long and fifty wide, affording ample space to separate the ledger clerk from the paying teller, so they can't engage in conversation regarding their adventures at Mrs. Swellhead's ball, the night before, while the customer spends twenty dollars' worth of time, changing wearily from one leg to the other, waiting their convenience to cash a fifteen dollar cheque. The House of Lords remains in the same condition as it was when the peers went out to take a drink and were notified that they needn't come back. The bank print their own notes on the premises. Being in that line of business we were willing to bring a few samples away with us, but they said they were not giving out samples that week.

Trinity College is also situated on College Green. Queen Elizabeth was the promoter of the enterprise. In front of it there are statues representing Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. Their clothes are a little old-fashioned but the statues are in good repair. I remember gazing at a panorama in my youthful days the delineator of which used to remark, "You are now gazing at Sackville street, the widest in all Europe. Before you stands Nelson's monument. The magnificent building on the right is the general postoffice, and the one on the left is the lying-in hospital." In consequence of this, Sackville street looked quite familiar. The Four Courts constitute the Osgoode Hall of Ireland, and over the portico of the main chamber there is a statue of Moses with Mercury on one side, and Justice on the other. The Irish gentleman who pointed it out, remarked that there was a movement on foot to take Mercury away, as of late years Justice was becoming salivated. This bitter joke I suspect of having been worked off on us by a Home Ruler. It left us so feeble that we took a cab and drove to Phœnix Park where we had pointed out to us the handsome vice-regal lodge, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, the Wellington Testimonial Obelisk—over two hundred feet high, cash value said to be twenty thousand pounds—the statue of Earl Carlyle, and Lord Gough on horseback. I am fond of equestrian statues, the horse always looks so natural standing on one foot and pawing the air with the other three. We were also invited to gaze on the constabulary barracks, and then we were driven to the chief place of interest, the scene of the Phœnix Park murders, the spot stained by the blood of the victims having been marked by indentations in the pavement. It was about the only place of interest that the driver seemed to know anything about, as he mixed up the statues and obelisks with utter recklessness. Phœnix Park is a very pleasant place, and it is a reflection on Toronto's enterprise and good taste that while Dublin devotes nearly two thousand acres to a park, about three-quarters of which is open to the public, we have to content ourselves with a sand-hill out at High Park and two or three other little play-grounds of very modest dimensions.

ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

After viewing a mile or two of brewery and beer wagons, we got back to the city and visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is one of the most interesting places in Dublin. The first thing on entering is to make a deposit in the collection box, to aid in keeping the building in repair. If I remember correctly what our escort told us, the edifice was built in the twelfth century, on the site of the well where St. Patrick baptized his first converts. We sampled the water and failed to notice any St. Patrick's Day taste to it, though we found it much preferable to the goat's milk we had had at Kate Kearney Cottage at Killarney. The cathedral is full of relics of great antiquity. The battered and smoke-begrimed flags of Irish regiments ornament the walls above the epitaphs of many brave soldiers. There are also many monuments worthy of note, the most striking, though not the most life-like, being one of Boyle, Earl of Cork. I believe it to be the genuine owing to the resemblance it bears to the editor of the *Irish Canadian*. Earl Boyle lived several hundred years ago when sculpture was evidently in a rudimentary state, as you can get much better work on a fifteen dollar tombstone in our own wooden country than the job executed at great expense for the ancient Earl of Cork. He is surrounded by his family, and except for the striking likeness to which I have referred they have the charming shapeliness of Egyptian mummies. The positions too are very uncomfortable, but as they have never been known to kick I don't know why I should make any fuss about it.

We were permitted to sit in the chair occupied by King Billy of glorious, pious and immortal memory, immediately after the conflict which took place on the Boyne, and has annually continued to take place ever since, on or about the twelfth of July. The church is three hundred feet long, and service is held in one of the chapels every day, pretty much in the same place where Cromwell used to stable his horse before the church had been converted to Protestantism. The necessary repairs were not attended to for several centuries and until a few years ago the noble edifice was rapidly falling into ruin, but another member of the noble family of Guinness' Dublin Stout, one Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, M. P., restored it at his own expense, though he probably had to advance the price of beer to get even.

Christ Church Cathedral is near by and is still more ancient, the original contract having been let before the strike had advanced prices in the eleventh century. This cathedral has also been renovated and rebuilt by Henry Roe, Esq. I do not exactly remember whether it was beer or whisky he made his money out of.

Dublin has a couple of Royal Academies and a National Gallery, as well as many other points of interest which we found no time to visit, but having heard much of the Castle we wound up our sight-seeing by going thence. The gentlemen with the big busbies permitted us to enter. The date line announces that it was first built in 1205; it was fixed over and modernized a couple of hundred years ago and now contains the chapel royal, offices of the Ulster King-at-arms, Birmingham Tower—over which the British flag has floated for over eight hundred years—the vice-regal apartments and the hall where public receptions and balls are held, the council chamber and the private drawing-rooms, which were fixed up in the latest spring style without regard to expense. The chapel royal is, however, the principal object of interest, all the wood-work of the Gothic interior being made of Irish oak, richly carved; and in the right-hand gallery is the commodious throne for the Lord Lieutenant, while in the panels surrounding the gallery, the viceroys from the earliest period seem to have been in the habit of carving their names. The ball-room, called St. Patrick's Hall, is an elegant apartment nearly one hundred feet long and about forty feet high and I should reckon it would be a great place for the Sicilian circle and the Virginia reel.

In the evening we went to two or three of the theaters, but they were hot, unventilated, and uncomfortable, and the performances would have been considered poor at a dime show.

Dublin is a beautiful city, but it lacks spirit. It has much the air of a garrison town when trade is dull, and trade always seems to be dull in Ireland. In Cork and Dublin you can wander down the principal street at ten in the morning and see them taking down the shutters. It is nearly eleven o'clock before they get going, and then there isn't much rush. Dublin, however, is improving, and some handsome buildings are in the course of erection, and additions are being made to the majority of breweries. Everywhere the soldiers and constabulary are prominent and the Dublin force is a noticeably fine body of men.

About noon we took the train for Belfast, passing Glasnevin, where magnificent Botanic Gardens and the Roman Catholic burying ground occupy beautiful sites. To the left is the Hill of Howth and Dublin Bay. Between Dublin and Belfast the railroad is mostly in sight of the sea, and passes through fine stretches of country, where the farm-holdings seem smaller and the houses more comfortable than farther south. The manufacturing towns are also numerous and would have reminded us much of Scotland only for the fact that we had not yet seen Scotland. This is especially true of Belfast, in which we only had a couple of hours. It is a clean, well laid out city where poverty is less obtrusive and thrift much more apparent than in the cities of the south. Its architecture is not particularly handsome, but the streets are clean, the public buildings commodious and the educational institutions numerous. The rain began to pour down in torrents and we could not drive about with any degree of comfort, but it does not take long in Belfast to see the vast number of factories which must give employment to many thousands of people, who if they lived in the interior of the island, would be apt to have the same fight with poverty, which with their fellow-countymen in the hovels of Killarney, is so bitter.

Sailing out from Belfast lough, the city we leave behind us presents an imposing appearance. The line of steamers between Belfast and Glasgow is as comfortable as one could wish, and in the foggy haze of evening the lights of Carrickfergus were our last glimpse of Ireland, for at four o'clock in the morning the steward awakened us to behold the glories of the Clyde. For miles we sailed up the river, ship yards lining either bank, sailing ships and ocean liners lying at anchor, while still greater monsters of the deep were on the stocks, some of them just ready to be launched. That nautical white elephant, the Great Eastern, lay at anchor, and is one of the sights of the river. The Inman line steamers, City of New York and City of Chicago, two of the finest ocean vessels ever built, were nearing completion, the former being now in service. It would be useless to attempt to describe the wonders of the Clyde. It is there that the stranger gets his first idea of the greatness of the ship-building interest, and no one can see it without beginning to comprehend Great Britain's maritime supremacy.

While standing on the deck approaching the dock, the pantomime performance of the porters who crowded the quay was funnier than a Punch and Judy show. While we were yet a quarter of a mile away, these fellows were pointing and motioning and going through a performance such as one would expect to see at the window of an idiot asylum. They were waiting to catch the unwary passenger and carry his stuff for him. One stalwart contortionist had evidently selected me for his victim, and at long range he succeeded in making me understand that he was pointing at me and wanted a job. When I held up my hand he bobbed most elaborately, and the moment the gang-plank touched the wharf he rushed aboard, and inside of a minute had a trunk on his shoulder, a parcel under each arm, and a couple of bundles in each hand. Those shipporters seem to have about as much tonnage as a tug.

There is nothing particularly beautiful about Glasgow, but St. Enoch's Hotel is the best place for what it costs to stay there it has ever been my fortune to see, and if the traveler in Glasgow is not impressed by the city it is not the fault of the hotels. We went out to the exhibition and spent the day there, though a week is nearer the length of time which should be devoted to seeing it. The picture gallery contains a loan collection comprising many of the finest pictures in England and Scotland, and every department of the vast exposition is complete and splendidly managed. Canada's exhibit there does not do her credit, and if the Dominion cannot provide anything better than that measly show of canoes, skins and seed wheat, it might as well leave the exhibition business alone. The gentleman in charge said they had not been able to get as much room as was needed. I should think not. The show of printing-presses and new labor-saving devices is very much inferior to what would be seen in America, and I doubt if American machinists would find any novelties in those immense halls. Indeed, many of the machines attracting most attention are American patents.

The arrangements for eating and drinking throughout the buildings and grounds are excellent. The managers of our industrial fair could get some valuable pointers in this respect. People there do not seem to think it necessary because they are at a fair to eat sandwiches off an unplaned pine board, or have their "fodder" thrown at them as if they were famished navvies in a mining camp.

A separate building contains the jubilee presents of the Queen. They are gorgeous. Though many of them are not beautiful they are all costly, and if she auctioned them off the proceeds would buy bread to feed the poor of London for a fortnight.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

Argyle Street is more like Broadway, New York, with its never-ending stream of people and continual blockade than any Old Country street I have seen, though more than once, with its elevated railway and tram cars, it assumes much the air of the Bowery. About ten o'clock I wandered past the Trongate into the neighborhood of the Salt Market, and it was a scene so near like pandemonium that I went back to the hotel and brought my friend out to see it. When we got to the scene of hilarity it was nearly eleven, and there must have been five hundred drunken men and women in sight at once. I thought I had heard pretty choice lines of swearing in frontier towns and dance houses in the wild and woolly west, but Glasgow profanity was a revelation. Everybody seemed drunk and ugly. A score of fights were in progress with from two to twenty combatants in each scrap, while the on-lookers as well as the pugilists themselves joined in the one grand chorus of blasphemy and filth, foul enough to make a sewer seasick. Talk about whisky being the curse of Ireland! It must be the double distilled curse of Scotland. Half the people seem to sell whisky, and between those who sell and those who drink, it seems to be pretty nearly unanimous. We went into a neighboring saloon where twelve or fifteen bar tenders were serving out the "plzen" to a crowd as big as the bar-room would hold, and inquired how late they kept the house open. The man told us till half-past eleven, but in some of the "low localities" the shops had to shut at eleven. I asked him if this wasn't a reasonably "low" spot.

"Oh, no," said he. "There are plenty of places worse than the Trongate. If you go down the Salt Market there a ways, you will find it livelier than this. There are more Irish than Scotch in Glasgow," he continued, "and most of those who are raising the row out there came from across the channel."

When I went outside I listened to the dulcet accents of the men and women who were screaming filth at one another, and I confess that I heard nothing but the lowland Scotch accent. If they were Irish they had forgotten the brogue, though another apologetic Scotchman told me that this is the result of intermarriages. I am partly Scotch myself, but I do not believe in blaming the Irish for the big share of the rioting and whisky drinking in Glasgow. I defy anyone at Five Points in New York, or the Seven Dials in London, to produce such a pot-pie of general and promiscuous vice, drunkenness, filthy talk, rags and besotted women as was collected at the "more respectable" end of the Salt Market that night. We attempted to take the saloon keeper's advice and see the livelier performance further down, but we were shoved and hustled about by drunken men, cursed by drunken women, until it got too hot for us and we turned back without seeing the worst of it. Girls who seemed not over fifteen or sixteen years old, showing evidences of maternity, were wandering about screaming in drunken frenzy or crouching in doorways but half-covered by their rags in drunken sleep, or glaring out at us like savage animals at bay.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

In all the cities we visited we endeavoured to see the worst as well as the best streets, but the Salt Market, "Glasgy," was the only place we turned from without a thorough exploration. If, of all others, I will remember as being nearest my idea of hell.

Next morning we were driven to see the old church, a picture of which serves as the initial of this article, and before traffic was fairly begun saw the magnificence of Argyle street, and that cross street, the name of which has escaped me,—Buchanan I think it was—which in the splendor of its shop windows rivals Regent street, London. The homes in the environs of the city are very handsome, and there is much to admire, but the scene in the Salt Market spoiled Glasgow for me.

We went to Edinburgh in the afternoon, and that evening took in High street and the Cowgate. It is not as bad as the Salt Market, but I tell you they make things hum there on a Saturday night, and I saw as many drunken people as I would care to encounter in one evening. I do not know whether they blame it on the Irish in Edinburgh, but it is a disgrace to civilization to have such exhibitions on the public streets.

No place I saw in my trip so impressed me with its beauty as Edinburgh. It is a city set upon a hill, and its glories cannot be hid. A city of learning, a centre of wisdom, a place of monuments, it has an atmosphere of history, and is most richly blest by nature as well as adorned by art. Its Princess street is unrivalled by anything in London or Paris. Edinburgh is justly the pride of Scotland, and one of the richest jewels which make up the mural diadem of the United Kingdoms. No stranger ever goes to Edinburgh without loving the city and feeling at home and happy amidst the kind-hearted and generous people, whose hospitality is bestowed in the same generous spirit as was manifested by Nature in endowing the majestic hills on which the city rests. If in Glasgow and Edinburgh I have pointed out the taint of intemperance, it is not because I fail in my respect for the Scot tish people or lack in love for the old land. No traveler who is just will write anything about Scotland without calling attention to the need of temperance reform and the necessity of more circumspect conduct on the streets.

When I began this series of descriptions, I had no idea that they would run to such length, and in this letter have endeavored to cover as much ground as possible in order to bring them to a conclusion in three more epistles, or four at the most. Edinburgh has been so much written about that I will attempt nothing more than a few sketches here and there. I give you an excellent picture of the city, which is a photograph of a very fine engraving. A man might loiter around Edinburgh for a year and write books about it and have a portfolio of sketches, and then go away feeling the task still incomplete. We stopped at the Royal McGregor on Princess street, and had a room overlooking that noble thoroughfare and facing Scott's monument. From that window alone there

(Continued on Page Ten.)

EDINBURGH.

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yes, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred able towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold
Thus should her towers be raised; with vicinage
As if of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
To vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding nature's majesty,—
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or range,
Chains as alike, and teaching liberty.

—*Hallam.*

FIRST HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

THE BELLE OF SAN MIGUEL

By Forbes Heermans

I.

It was down on the Pecos that Captain Dick Mosier first met and adopted him. Captain Dick was riding over from Box X Ranch to the Barzee, of which he was the general manager, one pleasant morning in October, and had just reached the ford by the Alberto grant, intending to cross the river, when upon the opposite bank he spied a stranger. A citizen of New Mexico approaches his fellow-man with caution. Almost the first thing an acquaintance with the best society in that country teaches him is narrowly to inspect a chance comrade, and to loosen his pistol in its holster when coming within range. And so, before starting his horse into the water, Captain Dick had a look at the man across the stream.

The two were not very far apart—fifty yards or so, for the Pecos was not wide there—and at that distance Dick saw that the other was a tall, gaunt man of about fifty. His face was partly hidden behind a thick, scraggy beard that grew randomly out of a dark, sunburnt skin; a tangled forest of hair hung from his chin, while his cheeks were like the open prairie, with only an occasional sage-brush spear to break the smooth monotony. The narrowness of his face was accentuated by two small eyes, set in close to either sluce of a thin, pointed nose; and his head-covering still further exaggerated this effect, for in place of the customary sombrero he wore a small, knit skull-cap that fitted to his head. This cap had once been black, but the sun had long since faded it until it had become a rusty brown, and so nearly the color of his clayey hair that at a glance he appeared to be bare headed. Altogether the first impression he created was his resemblance to a straight line—length without breadth or thickness. But he seemed harmless enough, and Captain Dick started to cross the river, giving his bronco a needless touch with the steel to hasten him. When he reached the bank, and halted there a moment, the stranger gravely saluted him, and said slowly:

"Mornin' cap—it's 'bout 'leven o'clock, ain't it?"

A nearer view disclosed several things that Dick had not noticed before—his dress for one thing. A ragged, faded, velveteen jacket ineffectually covered the upper part of his person, while his lower limbs were cased in a pair of heavy leather "shapps." They had evidently been made for a much shorter man than their present owner, for there was a yawning gap between the lower ends and the deer-skin moccasins that covered his feet. He was armed cap-a-pie, with a Winchester across over his shoulder, a heavy Colt's forty-five revolver and a knife at his waist, and enormous rusty spurs, with jingling chains, on his feet. His saddle had once been a gorgeous affair of stamped leather, with silver trimmings, one a grandee might have used; but now it was tattered and torn, hopelessly beyond respectability. The leather was worn away in huge patches, and the naked wood of the tree appeared unblushingly in sight. The horse matched the saddle and the rider. Altogether the stranger looked like a bandit who had been unfortunate in business, yet his smile was cherubic in its sweetness.

"If you're goin' to Santy Rosy, we might ride 'long together," he said in a mild voice, and although Dick much preferred to go alone, he assented, and they rode on.

"I heard tell down to the Cross-circle-diamond Ranch that they was mighty a-short up to the Barzee," the stranger said, slowly, "so I just pulled my freight to strike the job. Know if it's so?"

"Yes, it is so," Dick answered; "I'm from the Barzee myself. Can you cook?"

"Yes," he said, slowly; "I kin cook, if you aint too perticler. I aint much of a cook, but I kin do it. I kin fry beef, make a tol'able sallyratus biscuit, an' a middlin' fair pie outen most anythin'. But I aint much a cook, no sir, much since I reformed. I used to be as bad as any of 'em," he continued, leaving Dick in some doubt as to whether he referred to his cooking or his morals, "but I seen th' error of my way an' stopped on th' brink. I got religion"—he spoke of it as if it were an article he had purchased—"I got religion with a feller I was herdin' sheep with down on the Gallinas, four year ago. He let me into the ways of the righteous an' I'm walkin' in the straight path now an' forever-more. Leastways, I'm walkin' when I aint ridin'," he added, solemnly and accurately.

They soon reached Santa Rosa. Captain Dick had to stop there a short time on business with the blacksmith and the harness-maker (the two were one in Santa Rosa), and so, riding up in front of the Riverside Inn, he dismounted. His new friend called after him:

"I reckon I'll just nachally wait 'round till you come out, an' look over the sights."

A half hour later Dick walked out to his horse, drawing on his gloves preparatory to mounting, and then discovered that his new companion had a weakness in the language of Governor Walker, "he was gallorious." He had employed his half hour well, and he stood at that moment leaning heavily against a post and singing in lugubrious and waverring tones:

"Touched with a sympathy within,
How weak our feeble frame."

Dick was puzzled at first to know what to do with him. He had previously determined to take him to the ranch, for he did need a cook there, yet when he saw his condition he hesitated. Not just because the man was a drunkard—looking from a moral standpoint—but because, being drunk, he was difficult of transportation. But Dick knew that a cowboy can often ride when he cannot walk; so with a little assistance he rolled the stranger into his saddle and the two started. For the first few miles they proceeded on a walk; then as the liquor grew slightly sober, and his seat in the saddle became more assured, they broke into a trot and were riding at this gait when, making a sudden turn in the road, around the point of a mesa, they came upon a herd of burros, driven by three Mexicans; two boys and an old man. These hurriedly scattered out of the road, and as the two riders rattled by, the old man saluted them with a respectful: "Buenos dias, senores!"

They had passed them but a few yards when Dick's companion pulled up, and turning to him, said with drunken gravity:

"Did ye see that greasy mule face 't me? He 'sult me, an' I'm goin' t' rebuke 'im," and he unsling his rifle.

"No, no! he didn't make a face at you," Dick said, endeavoring to quiet him; "that was at me."

"Thas all ri', but aint you goin' t'ave sas'fas'hun?"

"No, not now; to-morrow, perhaps."

"Thas' all ri', but you're my frien' an' goo' f'ler, an' I'll 'ave sas'fas'hun for you." So before Dick could stop him the stranger threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. It was a chance shot, of course, but it was a true one, and down went the old man and the burro he was riding, both apparently dead. The avenger of his honor looked smilingly at Dick, and then at his victims, lying in the dust, and said pleasantly:

"Th' man doesn't do that fur frien aint worth' name of man. Guess I'd ought t' ha' shot, eh?"

Dick was seriously alarmed, for not only did he realize the sin of killing an unarmed man—even in New Mexico—but he knew the fellow-countrymen of the victim would work reprisals on him by stealing his stock and annoying his men in every possible way. And he was still more disturbed when he saw his companion preparing to shoot again.

"Hold on!" he cried, "you've killed him; that's enough; you'd better get out of here now as quick as you can."

"Killed him ali ri', on'y he aint th' one. Here goes fur nother—wash th' lill fler jump," and Dick had just time to strike up the muzzle of the rifle when it was discharged again. Then, in desperation, he seized his companion's bridle, and facing him down the road, laid his "cuert" smartly over the horse's back, and in another moment they had rattled out of sight around a turn in the road. It afterwards turned out that the burro was killed, but the Mexican was unhurt beyond a very bad fright.

That evening the men sat around the fire in the bunk-room at the ranch, talking and passing the time as usual. The new arrival had been installed as cook, with a monthly compensation of forty dollars and board, and he was at that moment in the kitchen attending to his duties. Jim Carroll, the foreman—who was popularly believed to possess fine literary acquirements, shadowed in one case by writing—was quite taken with the cook's appearance and with Captain Dick's adventure of the morning, and he declared that henceforth the new-comer should be known as Don Quixote de Santa Rosa, which name was adopted by acclamation, and promptly shortened to Don.

Day by day the men learned to like the Don. He had such a modest way about him; he was never blustering, never profane, but always polite and courtful. He was not didactic nor puritanical, but he had a singular habit of interspersing scriptural selections through his conversations which at times was very puzzling to the men. He did this without the slightest notion of the incongruity, or of the unpleasant effect it had on some, for he did it all in a deeply reverent way. He never drank again, and was deeply mortified at this one unfortunate lapse. It is true he could not cook—true indeed, that he made worse failures than any cowboy ever made before—but, somehow, no one could find fault with him.

"Them biscuits he got round'abie sallyratus in 'em, I expect," he used to say, apologetically, as he daily laid a pan of heavy, saffron-colored lumps of dough on the table, "I'm gettin' t'ake a heap out t' t' operate on this flour. I cal'late there's four parts sallyratus to three of flour—fear ye not death—but you won't mind it with a little raw onion and plenty o' salt."

His mode of cooking beef, too, was darkly mysterious. There would appear on the table, three times a day, a dingy, blackened pan, filled with a something or other, floating in melted grease, and as the Don laid it down he would smile benevolently, seeming to say that no one could guess from that that contained, and if he were to try a week.

"Th' foundation fur it is fried beef," he would say, "but there is other things in it fur to give it twang—I bring ye good tidings of great joy—such as chopped pertaters an' pork. It's got consid'able nourishment into it, though it don't look so very good."

One day there was great excitement at the Barzee—the Don had been there about four months then—and a lumber camp down had reported that there was to be a dance the next night at the "Widder Davis", four miles up Los Tanos.

The "widder" was the relict of the late Jim Davis, who came to an untimely end some five years before by reason of his pistol missing fire. Besides the widder, Davis had left behind him a son and a daughter. The son was a harum-scarum fellow, even for a cow-puncher; the widder was admitted to be a rustler. As for the daughter—Mirandy—she was the belle of San Miguel County. Few who saw her could resist her fascinations. She was none of your sickly weak things; that kind does not flourish on the frontier. No, Mirandy was stout, strong and handsome withal. And yet, frontier born and bred though she was, she had all the coquettish ways that some think are only acquired by a society training, but which are, in truth, as much a part of woman's make-up as her back hair. It was a liberal education to see Mirandy modestly drop her eyelids when one of her admirers was touching on dangerous ground, or to hear her say, "Gee along now, Bill, or I'll lam ye," and to note the sweet cuff she administered to Bill, if he attempted to steal a kiss. Admirers she had by the score, suitors by the dozen, but none had snapped her lover among them all. She was believed to be heart whole and fancy free, a condition which added an indefinable charm to her modesty.

Of course, such an event as a dance was hailed with pleasure, and every one at once made ready. There was a greasing of boots, and a polishing of spurs, and a dusting of clothing all that day and the next. The time for starting was impatiently waited, but at last it came, and the party was off—a cavalcade of six, including the Don. The dance did not differ greatly from the usual affairs of that kind. No one was shot, no one was even physically hurt; but there was one of the party who was apparently wounded in a serious way. I refer to the Don, and the Don's very susceptible heart. The attentions that he lavished upon both the widder and Mirandy that night were the cause of much remark. With what grace did he lead the matron out on the floor, and hide his place at the head of the reel; with what a bow did he salute her, as the accordion and fiddle struck up Money-musk; with what ease and dignity did he guide his heavy partner down the middle, his huge spurs and chains playing a jingling accompaniment to the music, and then, when the dance was over, how gallantly did he lead her to a seat, and hurry to get her some negus. To see him you'd have thought he was a carpet-knight born and bred, instead of the cook of the Barzee Ranch.

And then, when he appealed to Miss Mirandy for the favor of her hand in the *bolero*, how cleverly he showed his versatility. With the dame he had been dignified; with the maiden he was as agile and graceful as Jose Garcia, the handsome young Mexican, said to be the best dancer and the worst liar in San Miguel County. The other dancers paused to watch the two as they swayed and pirouetted to the music, and when, at last, they stopped, cheered them right heartily. It would be worth a good deal to you could you have seen the gallant way in which the Don led his breathless partner to a seat, and stood by her side, fanning her with a huge palm leaf that raised such a breeze in the room as to blow out one of the lights. And the worst part of it all, if there was to see the savage scowl that came over Jose Garcia's swarthy face at finding himself taken by a cook. The Don heeded Jose's ill-humor with the haughty disdain that it merited—and led out Mirandy to supper.

As they rode back to the ranch after the ball was over, the Don was the only silent one in the party. He was evidently turning something over in his mind, and gave no heed to what was said to him, though Jim Carrol swore that he had heard the musicians himself mention about maiden's tears and lover's fears, and so it was promptly agreed that the Don was in love. The effect of his new attachment became at once noticeable in his cooking. Instead of the biscuits having four parts saleratus to three of flour, the proportion became as five to two. His "Irish stew" degenerated into something beyond belief or description: his dishes were never washed. "I don't want you waddys to git too blame flashy—take no thought 'bout what ye shall eat," he explained.

"Look here, Don!" roared Jim, one morning, as the Don absent-mindedly emptied a pot of boiling coffee on his wrist; "What d'ye mean? I ain't a cup!"

"I know it, Jimmie, I know it," said the Don, mildly; fight ye the good fight—I'll make some more in a minute, and Jim had to be contented with that apology.

Every evening after supper the Don would mount Rozinante and ride away to court his Dulcinea del Tanos. No one ever knew what time he returned, but he always had breakfast—of a certain kind—ready by sunrise. He was extremely reticent about his affairs and gave no hint concerning them, nor could the men judge from his manner how he prospered. It wasn't even known whether it was the mother or the daughter he sought.

But one morning he appeared at breakfast, looking but the battered wreck of his former self. Dark circles of black framed his eyes, and one was swollen shut. His velveteen jacket was torn up back, and a sleeve was gone. His right wrist seemed to be sprained, and he limped as he walked. He received the chaffing in silence.

"Hullo, Don!" cried Rube; "what's up? Widder must hev bin extry f'ctionate last night."

"It's all along of his bronk, that is," said Shorty. "He's bin feedin' it some of his caused sallyratus biscuit on the sly, till the beast got livelin' so good it most kicked the head off'n him."

The Don resolutely refused to disclose the cause of his dilapidated appearance, and went about his duties wearing a piece of raw beef tied over his eye, but otherwise as if nothing unusual had happened. But that evening, instead of mounting Rozinante and riding away, he took his seat by the fire, and briefly told his story.

"It'll set your minds at rest, maybe, if I tell you 'bout it," he said, "an' so I cal'late to do it. That night—spell ago—when we went over to the Barzee to the dance, I reckon I took with the looks of Mis' Davis an' Mirandy, an' I says to myself—like as not you need convertin', most everyone does in this country—an' for brass will I give you gold. I says, I yes, much gold, says I. Well, last night a young feller rode up an' got off'n his horse an' come in. The widder didn't recognize him at first, but Mirandy called him Bobby." Here the Don paused, and repeated, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, she called him Bobby, right before my eyes." Then resuming his story: "Well, he talked a good deal, an acted's as if he owned San Miguel County; indulgin' freely in ripartee an' other little jokes, till finally he says, 'My friend, are you lookin' to be saved?' an' then he says he wasn't thinkin' about himself, but he reckoned he'd have to keep them on his horse, so long as I was about, if he wanted to save him. Then Mirandy laughed, so I turned to her, an' I says: 'If you would seem as if that young man's been poorly brought up; he's a Mexikin, ain't he?' Well—that's 'bout all I distinctly remember now; there's a interval in my life where all is naught." Here the Don made an attempt to smile that was lost in the swelling of his cheek. "Th' only way I see fur you to do with any one in this country is to get th' drop on him. I reckon I won't go there so often, after this."

And from that day his visits ceased altogether.

Spring came at last, and with the warmer weather came the usual work on the range. Men whose services were needed, after the Don relieved from his duties as cook and sent out to look up stray cattle. This change in his labors he hailed with pleasure, although it meant a loss of ten dollars a month and harder work.

"I've allers held that cookin' warn't no proper business fur a white man," he said; "but I don't reckon it—blessed a week—an it's conquered my pride in great shape."

Preparations for the spring round-up were rapidly made; the wagons were examined and repaired; the horses were driven up from the pasture and corralled in a convenient place; new horses were broken in and old ones shod. Men were sent out over the range to determine the watering-places, with orders to pull out of the boggy ground about them any Barzee cattle that had become mired and unable to extricate themselves.

These duties were both hard and disagreeable, not having either the excitement or the social pleasures incident to a round-up, but the Don performed his part willingly. One morning he rode away from the ranch with instructions to examine carefully a certain section of territory that lay in the west. His route led up Los Tanos, and as he started, Rube, who was preparing to ride south, called after him the unconscious quotation of Tony Weller: "Beware o' th' widder, Don!" To which the Don replied with a wave of his hand: "Thanks, Reuben—judge ye not others," and disappeared around a bend in the stream.

It was the afternoon of the second day of his excursion that found him approaching the Horse-shoe V 3 ranch. It had been a perfect day in April, that best of all months in New Mexico. The gramma grass had exchanged its winter coat of silver for a fresher one of green; the few trees that grew along the river were bright in leaf and blossom. Even the sombre sage-brush had put off its mournful gray and the cactus was gorgeous in its yellow flowers. The cattle, too, seemed to feel the benign influences of spring, and as the Don drew near, hurried helter-skelter across the mesa, followed by frisky content by their wobbly, long-legged calves.

The Don dismounted at the ranch house, and having unsaddled Rozinante and turned him into the corral, strode into the bunk-room.

"I'm from the Barzee," he said to one of the two occupants there, "an' I'll put up with ye—the birds of the air hev nests—till to-morrer."

"Well!" said one of the men, "what's the news over to the Barzee way?"

"Nuthin' much!" said the Don, as he took a seat on a bunk and commenced to whittle.

Bed time comes early at a ranch, and there were a dozen men packed away in the bunk room that night, when Texas, the foreman, shied his spurred boot at the candle. Yet, although the Don was tired, for he had ridden far and hard, he could not sleep. He was dissatisfied with his lot. He had a soul above his work, and yet he had succeeded in nothing else. He had at one time had a lofty ideal in woman—an ideal that had been rudely shaken several times, but still stood upright—and yet he had not been fairly treated by the sex. There was that little incident at the Widder Davis'—he still recollected the details of that perfectly. Indeed, there was not one of the two hundred spots on his body yet. Still for all that, his chivalrous regard for woman—as woman—was unabated, though when you came to particularize—well, that was a different matter. He was painfully roused from his reverie by hearing a voice over in the darkest corner of the room say:

"Wal, Jim was sayin' you punished the feller's head till he didn't know nothin'."

"Guess I didn't hurt him very much then, fur he didn't know nothin' after."

"Haw! haw! best I ever heard; must tell Jim that."

"Why, the feller called me a Mexikin," said the second voice; "I'd a right t' pump lead into him fur that, hedn't I?"

"Surely, but Jim was sayin' you called the feller a hose-thief."

"Don't recollec' 'bout that. Might a' done so; never could recollec' little things."

"Haw! haw! When did you say you was goin' to run the gal off?"

"To morrer, I ex-pec'. She'll be all alone up to the place. Th' widder's gone to Pegas, and Tom Davis—wal, you know how he is."

"Yes, I know him. So you cal'late to run her off to-morrer, when her nat'eral guardeen is away, eh Bob?"

"Yes, an' make for Santy Rosy," said Bob. "And I'd like mighty well if you could be there then, Billy."

The Don saw it all. This was the young man he had had the trouble with at the widder's that night last winter, and now he was going to forcibly induce Mirandy to the absence of her mother and brother. All the chivalry in the Don's nature was roused at this. He determined to thwart the scheme, and save the lovely damsel from the clutches of the villain. He would—his thoughts were again interrupted.

"How was you 'lowin' to do it, if it's a fair question, Bob?" said the first voice.

"It surely is. Why, I was just a goin' to put her on a pony and then dust for Santy Rosy. I figgered to foller the old overland stage trail till we come to the Montezuma Marsh, and then—cross lots. There is a path over that bog near the spring, that only two f-lilers—I and Rube Friday—know—an' I'll save five mile over follerin' the rud, that way. Shouldn't care to try it with a female gen'rally, but ex we ain't had rain in six months I reckon the bog ain't very shaky!"

"Yes, you kin do it, I guess. Well, good-night, Bob!"

"Well, good-night, Bill! Say, Bill!"

"Huh!"

"You'd orter been there to the widder's that night and seen old Ten Commandments. One—two—three—down he went. One—two—three—down again. No gun drawed; just stuck up an' knock down. Haw! haw!"

The humor of the situation evidently appealed to Bill as well as Bob, and for some time nothing was heard but the sound of subdued chuckling.

"Bill Kannom!" said voice No. 2 at length. "I want you to be over to Santy Rosy to-morrow at three o'clock. You're goin' to stand by me, ain't you?"

"You bet I'll be there; if I ain't, I don't want another cent in this world." Silence followed for a while; then Bill drew a long sigh and murmured:

"Wal, good-night, Bob; good luck."

"Well, good-night, Bill, old boy," and the camp slept.

(To be Continued.)

Is Love Blind?

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light;
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's soul in its holiest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who finds your soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You, but the wraps that hinder astray;
I see the soul, the unharmed, sublime,
You, but the garment, and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed by the earthly clod;
I see how nearly perfected,
May reach the stature of a god!

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on sudden my eyes were sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

How to Get Rich.

Live up to your engagements.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never play at any game of chance.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.
Good character is above all things else.
Keep your word sacredly if you have any.
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.
Keep good company or none. Never be idle.
Always speak the truth. Make few promises.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
When you speak to a person look him in the face.
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
Never speak ill of any one. Be just before you are generous.
Never run into debt, unless you see plainly a way to get out again.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own conduct.
If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have been about during the day.
If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

A Distinction With a Difference.

The following are some amusing instances of the mischief wrought by misspelled letters:

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable laughter."

"Tom Jones was yesterday brought before the sitting magistrate on a charge of having spoken reason at the Barleymow public-house."

"In consequence of the numerous accidents caused by the slippery condition, steps are being taken to put a top to it."

"When Miss L., late of Covent Garden Theatre, visited Italy, she was politely drawn up the ship's side by means of a hair."

"At the Guildhall dinner none of the poultry was touched except the owls."

"A gentleman was yesterday brought up on a charge of having eaten a hackney coachman for demanding more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small ox out of the Bath mail, and the property was found in his pocket."

"The Grand Duke General Kachkinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word sticking in his throat."

Calling the Doctor.

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home at three a.m., he passed a house where resided a well known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side, in order that he might make inquiries from anyone who disturbed him, the doctor had placed the mouth of a speaking tube, underneath which was the inscription: "Wind up the Pots."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose, and groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well?"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor, I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his nocturnal visitor.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation. "By the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts—there is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any—I have no son."

"Then you are old Potts and young Potts, too. Dear, dear, how singular!"

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor.

"Do you know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next street?"

"Yes. Is she ill? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went out shooting this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Stop a minute, and I'll be down."

"No, he's all right; but he made a good bag. I thought you might like to know it."

And the joker hung on to the mouthpiece, and laughed like a hyena.

"I came down from the exasperated M.D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What!" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecacuanha, and assafœtida, squirted from the pipe, and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolising his shirt front and collar.

And while he danced frantically about, sponging himself with his handkerchief and raging like a pirate in the last act, he could hear a voice from above sweetly beneath it:

"Have some more! No? Well, good-night. Come again soon, you funny dog, you."

Just as Likely as Not.

When a lover leaves the house of his adored one at a late hour in the evening, and walks manfully homeward, he sees twinkling stars, his fond fancy pictures her clothed in white, resting sweetly upon her pillow, with her unbound hair tossed about her sleeping face, and angels bending over her couch whispering heavenly dreams. Perhaps at that very moment, though, she is in the pantry gnawing hungrily at a bone.

At the Brink of the Grave.

In a cemetery.

"And so you have come to your doctor's funeral! That is as it should be; grateful patients are rare."

"Oh, you mustn't praise me too much. I am thankful because it was the doctor who died."

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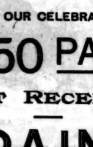

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Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER I.

I do not care, Essie; I will say what I think. It really is very injudicious of papa—and that is expressing the case very mildly—to bring another girl into this already girl-ridden house. You do not feel it as I do, of course, and so you can take the matter calmly; but considering that there are five of us to be put out into life somehow, and that I have the misfortune to be the eldest I am sure I have every right to feel aggrieved."

The speaker, a fairly good-looking girl of three-and-twenty, is Bella Conniston, daughter of a solicitor living at a small inland town, Bagton by name; the person addressed is Esther, or Essie, also a daughter of the Bagton solicitor, but by a different wife, and, in consequence of her seniority of Bella by ten years at least, regarded by that young lady and the other members of the family as quite beyond the pale of matrimony.

"I think, Bella dear, that it is not right to discuss papa's actions in this manner," Essie returns, gravely; "and why should the coming of Addie Newton make matters worse for you? It is true that we are not very well endowed with this world's goods, but the fact that we are so many will make us less likely to notice an additional one."

"How dense you are Essie. It simply means six husbands to be found instead of five, unless, indeed, some of us have to dispense with that somewhat necessary article—necessary, I mean, to us poor, portionless girls; and how do we know whether this Addie Newton may not appropriate one of the very few eligibles of Bagton? You see, Essie, it is high time some of us were off your hands. The twins will be one-and-twenty next month, and I should say we are all getting to look quite grown up. Even baby is sixteen, and being like the rest of us tall and well-developed, seems altogether too old to wear her hair in the childish style to which we elders have condemned her. I tell you, Essie, it is a serious mistake to bring a girl of eighteen into a circle such as ours."

"I do not see where poor Addie could go. She has no other relatives, and papa could not be so cruel as to turn his back upon his only sister's only child," Essie says, in her quiet way.

"And doesn't it strike you that it is a very strange thing that we have none of us ever heard of this only sister and her only child until the latter is eighteen? I should not care to be a person about whom so much secrecy has been observed. If there was nothing disreputable about the Newtons why were we kept in ignorance as to their very existence?"

"Dit not papa say that unfortunately some unpleasantness arose about the time of his sister's marriage, and that all intercourse had accordingly ceased since that time?" Esther asks.

"Why, Essie," Bella exclaims, suddenly, "if this cousin of ours was born soon after the marriage you must remember something about it, I suppose."

"I only remember that our aunt came here once when I was a girl of fourteen or thereabouts. I never saw her again, and papa never seemed to care to talk about her; so, of course, I did not venture to question him."

"What was she like?"

"Very delicate-looking, with brown eyes and soft wavy hair. She struck me as being sad ill."

"When papa left home last week, did you know why he went, Essie?" Bella inquires.

"He told me that he had heavy news from his sister, who was ill; but I did not know until his letter came this morning that there was any cousin Addie. The poor mother's name was Addie, and I scarcely believe that the poor young creature who came here that spring day nineteen years ago has left a grown-up daughter. There a few weeks at most, I should inferred that Mr. Newton died within a year of the marriage.

"I seems to have been a sad affair altogether. I hope this new cousin of ours will not expect us all to be dismal. Of course she will be in mourning, Essie. What about ourselves?"

"I have been thinking, dear, that as we have not yet bought our winter clothing, it would be well to consider this matter. If you girls will all lend a hand, I think we might contrive to make ourselves two decent suits of mourning before papa comes home."

"Fortunately we are all fair, Bella observed, thoughtfully; "so, if it can be managed, perhaps we had better don sober attire, for decency's sake.

"I think it can be managed, if you will all do your best," Esther says, quietly. "You had better arrange to accompany me on a shopping excursion after luncheon, Bella. We cannot all go; but I should like to have your opinion as to material and styles."

"All right!" Bella readily agrees; for she dearly loves to go shopping, and although she knows very well that she will come home dissatisfied, as she always does, for lack of means to gratify her wishes, she is all eagerness to set out.

It is a fact known to all the Conniston family that Esther has her own private income of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and it is equally well known that of this sum a very small portion is appropriated to her own special use; yet, so accustomed are "the girls" to suffer their elder sister to provide for their wants, that they take the lion's share of this little income without any acknowledgment or comment.

The town of Bagton is a quaint, old-fashioned spot, too primitive to suit the requirements of the Connistons, and, when any special purchases have to be made, an excursion has generally to be made to Hudstone, the county town, which is distant, by rail, about ten miles.

To Hudstone, therefore, Esther and Bella decided to go on this pleasant October day, and for the time being the younger lady forgets her annoyance at the prospect of the advent of her stranger cousin in the excitement of having to visit a fashionable milliner.

The journey is, however, to become interesting in another way, for when the train stops at Bickington, mid-way between Bagton and Hudstone, a gentleman enters the compartment in which the two ladies are seated, and is greeted by them with evident pleasure.

He is a clerical gentleman of benign aspect, and, judging by his appearance, has lived the allotted three score years and ten.

"My dear young ladies, I am so glad that I have chanced to meet you this morning," he says, heartily. "I heard from Brownlee that Mr. Conniston was away from home; but it is necessary that I should see or communicate with him at once. May I ask you for his address, Miss Conniston?"

"Certainly," Esther replies, turning out from her pocket the black bordered envelope containing her father's letter, while the old gentleman produces a pocket-book, and, handing it to Esther, requests her to enter the address, adding:

"I hope there is no sad news from your father, my dear?" with a look of concern.

"Yes, Mr. Ramsey; papa has been called away to the death-bed of his sister."

"His sister! Ah! I remember," Mr. Ramsey says, while his face becomes sad. "And is poor Addie Conniston dead?"

"Her name is Newton now," Esther rejoins; "or rather was, I should say."

"You know our Aunt Addie, Mr. Ramsey," Bella cries. "Oh! do tell us about her! Was she husband!"

"That I do not know, my dear." She was your papa's half-sister, and quite twenty years younger than myself. Has she left any family?"

"One daughter who is to come to live with us," Bella rejoins, with an unmistakable scowl.

Mr. Ramsey notices the look, but makes no comment. He probably supposes that the Connistons have enough to do to maintain their respectability without being burdened with extra mouths to feed. He is silent for a moment, and when he speaks it is of a matter apparently irrelevant to the subject of ways and means.

"You have heard, of course, that Mr. Keith Herbert has some intention of coming home!" he says.

"Mr. Keith Herbert!" Bella cries. "We did not know that there was such a person in existence!"

"That comes of Mr. Conniston's absence; but I thought, Miss Bella, that you were always well posted in local news!" Mr. Ramsey says, with his genial smile.

"Well, as a rule, I am; but you see our sister, Barbara—the baby, you know—had a bad throat last week, and papa left orders that we were not to go out visiting until Doctor Froude should give us permission. Last night the doctor decided that there were no symptoms of diphtheria, and so the restriction is at an end. But about Mr. Herbert, dear Mr. Ramsey. Is he alive after all?"

And Bella's face is a picture of amazement.

"Yes, my dear, and his mother also."

"But," interposed Esther, "it was certainly believed that Mrs. Sharert—formerly Mrs. Herbert—put an end to her own life as well as to that of Master Keith!"

"And such undoubtedly was the poor lady's intention when she fled in terror from her brutal husband, Mr. Sharert. You remember her former husband, Mr. Herbert, perhaps?"

"Yes, quite distinctly. He was one of those fine old gentlemen who impress us with a sense of their worth by only a glance into the face. He has been dead sixteen years, I should think."

"Quite that; it was a sad day for his poor widow and her son when Mrs. Herbert became Mrs. Sharert. That her second husband ill-used her we cannot doubt. She put up with dreadful abuse, but when her child became a sufferer also, the poor lady was overwhelmed with grief. The note which she left clearly indicated that when she fled from her home she meant to drown herself and child. Providence did not, however, desert her in her distress, and when she stood beside the stream where Master Keith's scarf was afterwards found, the horror of the deed also conspired to cause her to pause for an instant. That brief period saved her from the dreadful act.

"She walked miles in her excitement, and then, finding herself near Hudstone station, just when the northern express was due, she resolved to go to Yorkshire to an old maiden aunt with whom she knew that her husband was unacquainted. The old lady received her most kindly, and nursed her through a long illness. After Mrs. Sharert was sufficiently recovered to take an interest in life she learnt that her husband had been compelled to leave Bickington Hall, for her brother-in-law, the late Mr. Clifford Herbert had taken possession as heir-at-law, it being fully understood that Mr. Keith was dead. Miss Hughes, the kind-hearted maiden aunt, advised her niece to let matters remain as they were for a time. Mr. Clifford Herbert was a delicate man of nearly sixty, and it seemed a pity to the ladies that he should be ousted during Mr. Keith's minority. To Mr. Sharert had to reap a sad reward for his violence, for he had an income of two hundred pounds, all that his wife's first husband had been able to leave her (for the property was strictly entailed, and Mr. Herbert Keith's income was derived from in possession a few years), instead of the luxurious home and ample means which, as sole executrix on behalf of Master Keith, his wife had been able to command.

"Miss Hughes, fortunately for the refugees, had no lack of wealth, and she was thankful to have her niece to live with her, and, in order to induce her to do so, gave her the means to educate Mr. Keith in a manner that would fit him to take his place in life whenever circumstances should render such a step desirable. Thus Mrs. Sharert and her son lived on quietly, until it was time for the lad to go to Oxford, about which period, through the medium of the *Hudstone News*, Mrs. Sharert learnt that she was again a widow.

"About eighteen months ago I learnt for the first time that Mrs. Sharert and Mr. Keith Herbert were alive."

"And you kept the matter secret!" cries Bella, with flushing cheeks.

"I did so because Mr. Herbert extracted a promise from me that I would not reveal the fact of his existence until the lingering illness from which his uncle suffered should have terminated the poor gentleman's career. Mr. Keith Herbert consistently desired that his uncle's last days might not be disturbed by the knowledge that he had for sixteen years enjoyed an income to which he had no real right. As soon as the old gentlman was buried, which event took place a week ago, as, doubtless, you are aware, I announced the fact that Mr. Herbert would claim his own again."

"Dear me! it is a very strange story," Esther says, thoughtfully.

"It is," agrees Mr. Ramsey; "and now I will explain why I have told you this, and why I asked for Mr. Conniston's address.

"The two ladies looked at him enquiringly.

"Since I became aware of Mr. Keith's existence, I have corresponded with him regularly. He wished to become familiar with many matters concerning the estate. You know that his agent, or rather the estate agent, was poor Mr. Hutchings!"

"Who died lately from over indulgence of his favorite vice," says Bella.

"Poor fellow! yes. Well, his son has a large circle of acquaintances who all likely to benefit him, and, with his father's untimely end as a warning, sees the advisability of cutting himself adrift from his present associates. Mr. Herbert has commissioned myself to find the young fellow an appointment abroad."

"I should infer from that that Mr. Keith Herbert is a good-natured fellow," Esther observes.

"He is so, I assure you. Well, as I was saying, Phil Hutchings is going abroad, and there will, of necessity, be a lucrative appointment at Bickington for somebody. Mr. Herbert has asked me to name anyone likely to fill the office satisfactorily, and I cannot think of anyone so suitable in every way as your dear father. I wish, before mentioning the subject to anyone else, to hear from Mr. Conniston, and I truly hope, my dear young ladies, that before long I may number you among my parishioners," Mr. Ramsey says, opening the carriage window as they approach Hudstone station.

"Oh! should we have to leave Bagton!" Bella asks.

"You would not object to that, I hope?" the gentleman asks, with a smile. "The estate-agent's house is a particularly suitable one for a good-sized family. Perhaps you know it? It is on this side of Bickington park, a pretty, gabled, red-brick building, standing on rising ground, and therefore called the Mount."

The girls both know the house to place quite well, and a very favorable contrast it presents to their minds with the house which they at present occupy in the main street of Bagton.

"You will write to papa at once? Oh! Mr. Ramsey, I do hope he will have the appointment," Bella says, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"So do I, my dear. There is no man I should care to see at the Mount half so well. Of course, it is only for him to say yea or nay."

"Thanks to you, Mr. Ramsey," Esther rejoins, with a grateful glance.

"Why, my dear Miss Conniston, I am not sure that this is not altogether a very selfish plan of mine. Your father was always a man after my own heart, you know, and, although he is my junior by many years, he has seemed almost like a younger brother."

They have alighted by this time, and, as their business lies in different directions, they take leave of each other.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Conniston is not likely to hesitate long about accepting the offer which his good friend, Mr. Ramsey, is enabled to make him, for although his sphere of business has of late fallen to his lot, Mr. Conniston has found it rather difficult work, even with the aid of his devoted daughter, Esther, to rear his large family without incurring debt. As to provision for his girls he has been able to make none until lately, when, to remove the dread of absolute starvation which he knew his children in case of his death, he has contrived to pay a sufficient premium to secure to them the sum of three thousand pounds. This has, however, entailed an annual outlay of a sum which he can by no means easily spare, for he is a man of fifty-six years, and not of very robust appearance, so that, perhaps, life is somewhat heavily taxed. His family has not only been large, but it has been more than ordinarily expensive.

His second wife was a helpless invalid after the birth of her youngest child until the period of her death, which took place ten years ago. They had been also a loss which had affected him more even than that of his wife. It was the death of his son Robert at the age of twenty-two.

Robert was the first child of the second marriage, and his father had spared no expense in fitting him to carry on the business which had been handed down from father to son for several generations. It was probably the death of Robert which suggested to Mr. Conniston the necessity for making the provision for his girls to which reference has been made. It is true that he might have built hopes on his only remaining son, George, who was twin brother to Laura, the youngest daughter but one, but the lad had always shown so strong a predilection for a seafaring life that he had been preferred to leave home and had been entered as a midshipman before there was any fear that Robert's health would break down.

The offer of a considerable increase of income—for Mr. Ramsey particularly impressed upon Mr. Conniston that there would be no need to give up any portion of business in Bagton which the solicitor might see fit to retain—could not have seemed more opportune. Mr. Conniston had, when writing to Esther to inform her and her sisters of his intention to bring Addie Newton to his home, felt painfully conscious that his household was already an inconveniently crowded one. But the prospect of removal to the Mount does away with all anxiety in this respect; and, to add to the worthy lawyer's satisfaction, Mr. Ramsey conveys an intimation to him that Mr. Herbert has paid young Hutchings cash down for the nearly good and substantial furniture at the Mount, so that there is no need to contemplate any outlay about Mr. Conniston decide to make that picturesque abode his home.

Of course, Mr. Conniston does so decide, willingly, gratefully; and, in order to arrange matters satisfactorily, he returns home sooner than he intended to do so. It happens that his niece, Miss Newton, is unable to proceed to Bagton at an earlier date than had been originally intended. Among other things she is desirous to remain at the little village where she has lived all her young life until a simple stone has been erected to her mother's memory, and a few shrubs planted on the grave which contains all that the poor girl has prized most dearly.

Mr. Conniston is ready to gratify the desolate orphan, and, on finding that a friendly old lady is willing to have his niece as a guest for a few days, he leaves her at the quiet little village at the foot of the Pennine Mountains, a few miles north of the Peak. The delay is, indeed, rather convenient to the Connistons than otherwise, and is subsequently prolonged by mutual consent, for the removal to the Mount is a step which Esther feels ought to be accomplished before her cousin's arrival.

The general excitement, consequent on the change of residence, serves to divert the minds of the family from dwelling too persistently upon the strange revelation that Mr. Conniston has had a sister of whom they have never heard until she has ceased to be. But Mr. Conniston has no wish to avoid all mention of her now, and, after the first visit of inspection has been made to the future home, he remarks:

"There is plenty of bedroom accommodation, I hope, Essie?"

"Oh! yes; there will be a room or two to spare, and they are really very comfortable."

"You are not forgetting to count your cousin, I hope, my dear?"

"Certainly not, papa. She shall have the fellow room to Bella."

"That is well, Essie. I was rather troubled at first when I promised my poor sister that her child should have a home with us, because we were so cramped for room. In other respects, I think that Addie's coming may be of mutual benefit."

"In what way, papa?" Bella asks, abruptly.

"Have I not often heard you regret the fact that we could not afford to indulge in a different class of musical instruction to that to be obtained from our local teachers?" Mr. Conniston asks.

"Yes, I am not half satisfied," Bella returns.

"Your cousin Addie has had the best masters that money could procure—"

"Then she is not poor!" cries Bella.

"Well, she is not exactly rich," Mr. Conniston rejoins; "but she is comfortably better off than I can hope to see any of you."

"It was very stupid of us, papa," Essie observes; "but when you spoke of our cousin as a poor, friendless orphan," we concluded that she was poor in a pecuniary sense."

"Perhaps the mistake was natural. At die will be in no sense a burden to us. My sister was very particular in this respect, and insisted on paying for the poor girl's board. That is a matter on which I will speak to you again, Esele."

"Then Addie's father was rich?" Bella asks.

"Yes; he was rich," Mr. Conniston's says, slowly.

"And Addie, being the only child, has all her father's money?"

"No, my dear. I think I told you that she is not rich. All the money which her mother had to leave is hers. I do not know that there is any reason why I should not tell you that her income will be nearly three hundred yearly."

Bella sits looking into the fire as her father leaves the room. She could tolerate her cousin's coming very well if it were not for the thought that already the neighborhood has three single ladies to every single gentleman. Her father has given them no description of Addie's appearance, excepting that in writing to Esther he had remarked that the poor girl looked almost as delicate as her mother had done at the same age. So far Bella is well pleased. She has no faith in the success, pecuniarily considered, of very fragile damsels.

Three very busy weeks pass away before Esther feels that she can receive her cousin.

There is a very tender spot in the breast of the eldest Miss Conniston for this orphan daughter of the aunt whom she well remembers, although so many years have passed away since her one visit to Mr. Conniston's; and the room which Esther has specially appointed for Addie's use receives an embellishing touch from loving hands before Esther writes an effectionate note to inform her cousin that there is no need for fear. Poor lonely Addie has felt some very natural anxiety about this removal to her uncle's home, and Esther's gentle letter affects her to tears. She feels strongly drawn towards this cousin, and the words—"I long to see you, dear, for your mother's sake, for I have never forgotten her sweet face, and I am quite sure that we shall soon feel that we have always known each other—" come as healing balm to the bruised heart.

That this only daughter's grief for the only parent, indeed the only relative she has ever known, should be peculiarly acute is natural, and Esther could not have used words more likely to touch the sorrowing girl than those referring to her beloved mother.

Until she reads them Addie has no idea that any of her cousins had ever seen her mother, and the fact that this one has done so, and speaks of her lovingly, awakens an interest in the girl's heart for the gentle writer of the sympathetic note.

Preparations for leaving the home of her girlhood are at length finished, and, as her uncle is very busy with the new business that has fallen into his hands, it is arranged that Mr. Mills, the old lady who has lately befriended her, shall accompany her on her journey as far as Derby, so as to see her safe on to the main-line for Birmingham, where Esther will meet her to take her to Bickerton.

When left alone, Addie might have indulged in a fit of weeping; but she has barely waved farewell to the old lady when another traveler enters the carriage, and, with a vivid blush, she recognizes a gentleman who had a few months previously taken part in a concert, given in her native village to raise funds for the widow of a much esteemed school-teacher.

Addie had played the accompaniment on that occasion to several songs, and among others to that of "Tom Bowling," for the gentleman who now comes into the railway carriage, and who at the time of the concert was staying at the house of the squire of Glassonford.

(To be Continued.)

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Personal Appearance.

How to present a pleasing personal appearance is a subject which is not beneath the attention of parents, and one which the latter should seek to inculcate in the hearts of the rising generation. To dress properly and with becoming taste does not necessarily imply that the wearer is a dude or a sentimental masher. Infinitely more of the coxcomb is the one who affects that which is odd in costume than is he who dresses according to the *mode*.

There are other matters further than the outcome of the skill of the tailor and the hatter which are to be considered as valuable accessories to a pleasing personal appearance, and it is in the neglect of such that we feel constrained to write these lines. The careful observer will be astonished to find the number of well dressed people with whom the neglect shown in the accessories tells in an unmistakable language as to the validity of any claim to the possession of good taste.

The untrimmed nails, in mourning for we know not whom; the neglected incisors, which lend additional sorrow to the wearer's smile; the boots, which are seldom shining examples of enterprise on the part of Day & Martin, and the unshaven cheeks seen so often in our street cars, our streets, and in other places of public resort, are the only apology we have to offer for these remarks.

The man of good breeding clothes his outward frame in the garb of his order, and never permits himself to forget the essentials of cleanliness and other matters of detail in the natural desire which he has to present a pleasing personal appearance.

The Dog Star Rages.

The society season is in a decidedly moribund condition, and every one who can is sounding or has sounded the final note of departure for fresh fields and pastures new.

Our fashionable streets are well nigh deserted, and the bright bewitching faces and merry laughter which were wont to adorn the public promenade and the cozy privacy of the friendly verandah will be seen and heard no more during the reign of the sultry dog-star.

In truth, we are at present, a scattered community. The forms which we have known, but which, alas! we shall know no more until the commencement of the autumn, are wandering away to every quarter of the compass.

The Atlantic States rejoice in the temporary possession of some. California smiles complaisance on others from our midst, who are seeking health and change among the hills and valleys of the Golden State. British Columbia and other points along the route of the Canadian Pacific, the shores of the St. Lawrence and the ocean are for a period, the pleasant homes of many a charming host and hostess, whose hospitality during the past season will not readily be forgotten.

Europe has certainly not been neglected so far as Toronto is concerned. Our people are to be found in the land of the mountain and of the flood, amidst the pleasant pastoral scenery of merry England, and Erin has not been passed by. On the continent the faces of the friends we have known may be seen shopping in the Rue de Rivoli; on the field of Waterloo buying—of a surety—relics of the famous battle manufactured the day before yesterday, or, medievally inclined, are watching the historic procession in the quaint old Flemish city. Many of them—good Protestants, too—have "gone over to Rome." Toronto admirers of Anne of Geirstein are climbing the Rhigi and daily finding cherished dreams of beauteous Swiss maidens dispelled by the goitre-necked realities of the present descendants of the heroes of Mogarten and Sempach. In the Riviera, on the Mediterranean, amongst the fiords of Norway, or it may be snuffing the malodorous zephyrs in the city sacred to the memory of the Three Kings of Cologne are they whom we have known in the past and whom we hope to greet again in the future.

But the summer hours are flying swiftly, and the leaves of autumn will soon tint the landscape with their beautiful coloring. And autumn, fading in the arms of winter, will afford its compensation in the happy home circle that, in the firelight's pleasant glow, will lovingly recount the varied scenes and experiences of travel, in these torrid days when the Dog Star rages.

The Elopement Craze.

The epidemic of disease, physically speaking, is, happily, a comparative stranger to the communities dwelling in the northern latitudes of this continent. Unhappily, however, we are no strangers to the ravages made by the wave of immorality which threatens to overwhelm the social fabric. One of the most prominent features of this insidious moral disease is the constantly increasing number of elopements which are almost daily bringing suffering and disgrace to the hearth and home. No particular class in the community is exempt from the ravages of this disorder. True it is that wealth and leisure afford greater temptations and opportunity to indulge in the temporary gratification of an unlawful appetite, and possibly by reason of the exalted position of these erring ones, greater publicity being given to the misdeeds of such, gives to general opinion the idea that the wealthy, leisured class are the worst offenders. It is a lamentable fact, however, that the hard working members of the community are little better than their more cultured neighbors when the means and the opportunity are not lacking. Human nature is the same everywhere, no matter in what circle its members may move. Well nigh hopeless are the efforts of the pulpit and the press to check these misguided ones, for seldom does the human heart listen to the voice of Duty when Passion calls the other way. How much of suffering and despair might be avoided by the victims of unlawful affection, cou'd the latter but be brought to realize, before taking the fatal step, how utterly hopeless is the search for happiness when once the altar of Virtue has been desecrated. For a brief period all goes apparently well. But when passion shall have spent its novel force there comes the overwhelming sense of degradation and bitter memories of the once pleasant home-life, now lost forever, which are as a canker in the soul of the weaker sinner. The haunting sense of pursuit is a constant guest in the far away home of shame. The novelty of fresh surroundings early begins to pall, and a yearning desire for the dear, familiar scenes of a bye-gone hour possess the heart of her who has wandered from the path of Duty.

Under the severity of such a mental strain, the pink and white of the once comely features which won his wandering fancy, fade away. The indifference of satiety and possession finds him less frequently at her side. If her temperament be a gentle one tears are her constant companions, and bitter reproaches from her lips are his when nature has cast her in a stronger mould. Of either treatment he wearies, and temporary absence paves the path of the unsandy road to total desertion.

There are loyal lovers, men who will stand by a woman under such circumstances in storm as in calmer weather, but their numbers are few. Such exceptions but prove the rule. The surest hold—the only hold—by which woman can hope to retain the affections of man is that which is strengthened by Virtue and sanctioned by Duty.

The Man in the Park.

Argument.—Lo! Summer is here, and the voice of the park-preacher is heard in the land.

When the whispering tones of a Sabbath kind breeze
Sigh, with musical cadence, 'neath summer-crown'd trees,
When the rays of blest sunshine, and nature's own voice
Bid the trance-risen landscape in beauty rejoice,
When the azure resounds with the notes of the lark,
O! 'tis then that we gaze on "The Man in the Park."

Ah! "The Man in the Park," sirs, blest creature is he,
From the frailties of mortals he's perfectly free,
He's an alien, true in the realm of success,
And a failure in life, though he esteem none the less
At all wealth (yet a sail in Prosperity's bark
Would uncommonly tickle "The Man in the Park.")

He can smash up agnostics with thundering knocks,
Or, with mis-applied logic be heterodox;
He can spout—though his nose be suspiciously red—
On the Temperance work, till his hearers have fled,
For to argue black's white, and to swear light is dark
Is the undeniel right of "The Man in the Park."

He blackguards the parsons from first unto last,
With small hopes for their future, less respect for their past;
They are wastrels who drink the sweet wines of the lees,
And are less interested in souls than in fees,
Thus, is he, he be savvy, mechanic, or clerk,
He's "agin" mother-church, if "The Man in the Park."

I thought him erratic, but deem'd him sincere,
In his howlings on Faith and his criticisms on Beer;
But one day as I traversed a Don-watered vale
I beheld "Black Maria," on her way to the goal,
And the rogue who peeped out through the bars of "the Ark"
Was that stumbler from grace yclept "The Man in the Park."

Yet I like him—the scamp—and his overworked tongue,
Though the force of his logic ne'er equals his lung,
I admire so the man who can shame a bassoon,
Who can discount, in antics, a circus buffoon,
And I tender my thanks, (Heav'n assoilzie the mark,)
To the jackass who's known as "The Man in the Park."

—H. K. COCKIN.

M. Labiche, who died in Paris not long ago, was a member of the French Academy—one of the forty literary "immortals" of France. M. Labiche originated the saying, now not unfamiliar in characterizing a person who, though ignorant, insists upon making a great show of what he thinks he knows, "He is a man of vast and varied misinformation." Labiche expressed the thought in this way: "He has a great and varied ignorance." Not long after Labiche had used this expression, and had embodied it in a literary work, Prince Bismarck said of some one, "That man possesses a perfect encyclopediac ignorance." Labiche insisted that Bismarck had borrowed the phrase from him. But it is more probable that the repetition was a mere coincidence, as Bismarck himself is a man of genuine wit. At the marriage of his son, Labiche gave a little party, and, as he was quite unaccustomed to ceremonies of a social sort, he was at first puzzled to know what he should say in greeting and parting with so many people. "I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed, finally; "I will simply say to each person as he arrives, 'At last!' and to each as he goes away, 'Already?'" He carried out his programme, and all his guests felt very much flattered.

A well-known clergyman was calling on a "relic," to use a word which Miss Anthony disapproves. The widow was telling the Rev. Cream Cheese about her late husband's happy death. "And in the evening," she said, softly, "he put his hands together, closed his eyes, and murmured: 'And so He giveth his beloved sleep.'" "How beautiful," said the clergyman; "falling asleep, indeed! And those were his last words?" "Not exactly," said the widow, slowly; "he woke up in the morning, asked for breakfast, and choked over a bone in the fish-balls."

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right moment.—*La Bruyere.*

The proper function of a government is to make it easy for the people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.—*Bulwer.*

Doubt is the key of knowledge. Those who do not doubt will never examine; and those who never examine never know, but remain in perpetual ignorance.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

Rambles About Rimouski.

For Saturday Night.

The sail down the St. Lawrence from Montreal, passing under the tubular bridge a mile and three-quarters long, down past Quebec, one of the most picturesque cities in the world, with its citadel on the hill, on past wood and dale and nestling villages with shimmering church spires, past white painted farm houses standing out against a green background of smiling farms, down on the father of waters as it takes it majestic way to the sea, with the old-fashioned French town of Rimouski as the objective point, what a delightful trip it is in these languid days when mental exertion is an effort and the only thing that seems to have any ambition to rise in the world is the mercury in the thermometer.

Rimouski in one of the oldest towns in Canada. It is to Rimouski that the mails are taken to catch the outgoing steamers for the old world, thus giving to busy people a few hours longer to write their letters, for in this progressive age every hour is deemed as important as our forefathers deemed days. It is here too that the mails are taken from the incoming steamers and hurried as fast as express trains can carry them to Quebec and Montreal, and so on to the west. At Rimouski passengers from the Maritime Provinces and Eastern Quebec take the steamers going out and land on their return, so that in summer time Rimouski is quite an important point if looked at as a stepping-off place, or stepping on, as the case may be. Yet Rimouski—it is an Indian name, by the way—is not the place it was some years ago when the Intercolonial Railway was building and money was being freely spent on contracts. The inhabitants, who are all French, numbering fewer than two thousand, sometimes find themselves wishing for a return of the good old days. But they are a contented lot and take the world peacefully, looking forward from the long winter to the coming of summer with its troops of tourists and seekers after health. It cannot be said of Rimouski, as it has been said of summer resorts, that its inhabitants live in summer by robbing strangers and in winter by robbing each other, nor can it be said that its climate consists of ten months' winter and two months' bad sleighing, although truth to tell its winter is long enough.

About Rimouski there are great belts of farming lands, and from their farms the *habitants* crowd in on Sunday to attend church, and usually to take part in a meeting of some kind afterwards at the church door. Bishop Langevin, brother of Sir Hector, is bishop of the diocese, and when he has been away on a pastoral tour is received with delight by his people, who prepare arches against his coming, decorate the church, line the roadway with saplings and meet him at the station with a band—not, you will observe, with a patrol wagon.

Twenty miles from Rimouski are the Seven Lakes, as they are called, where there is fishing in abundance. Opposite Rimouski lies the Island of St. Bernabe. It is two miles long and nine miles around, and like most desolate looking places has its tradition. The tradition is this: In 1793 Toulissant Cartier, a handsome young fellow of good family, fell in love with a fair damsel called Louise, whose father had promised her hand to the profligate son of a rich neighbor. This was in Old France. The two lovers, finding no hope in their own country, were married secretly and came to seek their fortune in the new world. They reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine, and young Cartier took a boat to visit the Isle of St. Bernabe. A fearful tempest arose and all on board the vessel were drowned, the body of Louise being washed ashore at the very feet of Toulissant. He tenderly buried it and made a solemn vow to spend the remainder of his days on the island. Forty seasons passed, his locks were silvered with age, and his heart was broken. The villagers knew his story and often watched the smoke curling from his hermit cave on the island. There came a day when no smoke was observed, and when the villagers crossed over they found the body of poor Toulissant, with his faithful dog keeping watch by his side. The lover had kept his vow, and "all the world loves a lover." His remains were buried in the old church, which still stands, but has since been converted into a convent, an imposing new church having been erected. Not far from the church is the new college of St. Germain, the ruins of the old one, which was burned down some years ago, still standing, making a most picturesque sight.

But the most beautiful thing about Rimouski are sun-sets. They are simply grand! It was Jean Paul Richter who said that he never looked at a sun-set without saying like a child, 'once more, once more!' At Rimouski, the rays of the setting sun fall upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence, and here and there, when the tide has gone out, leaving pools and miniature lakes, the sunlight falls, giving them the appearance of splashes of silver, while the colors in the sky are so brilliant and marked, fading away into such delicate shades, as would make one say, if they were reproduced by the painter's brush, "It is an exaggeration: it is not real."

Years ago a French vessel sailed into Rimouski late in the season, and as it was impossible to reach Quebec on account of ice, the French sailors were obliged to remain in the village all winter. They had plenty of the best brands of spirits from Old France, and the story goes that they held high carnival all through the winter months, utterly demoralizing everybody, the women as well as the men. Bishop Lavall sent word to them that unless they attended to their religious duties they would be cut off from the church. Of this threat they took no heed. A second warning was sent, but it proving alike futile, the whole parish was excommunicated, and it was not until summer came and the French sailors had departed that the good bishop himself appeared on the scene and lifted the ban.

Six miles from Rimouski, further down the St. Lawrence, is Father Point. Here the lighthouse stands, and here the ocean steamers are signalled. This is the spot from which the pilots, of whom there are some twenty in number, go out to the steamers to take them safely up to Quebec. These weather-beaten men seem to know no danger, and venture out in all kinds of weather. Chief among them is Peter Rouleau, a bluff, hearty, bronzed seaman, who has the honor of being mayor of the village, and also looks as if he might be trusted with any vessel under any circumstances. His house stands on the very site of the house which Gamarche, the pirate of Anticosti, once made his headquarters.

They tell queer stories about Gamarche and how he outwitted the officers sent in search of him, while he carried on his depredations. On one occasion when Gamarche's vessel was in the harbor, two officers went on board, concealing their identity. Gamarche received them very graciously and showed them over the ship, but before they knew where they were he had carried them off. It was greatly to their surprise that they found themselves dumped out on a desert island. On another occasion when a number of sheep were stolen from a farm near the river side officers were sent to search Gamarche's ship. They looked high and low, but no trace of the sheep. They had not been gone long when Gamarche gave orders to weigh the anchor, and there, strung to the anchor, were the missing sheep, which had been killed and skinned in shortorder and then put under the water to avoid detection. At another time Gamarche carried off a pilot and kept him working in a harvest field for many weary months before he could effect his escape.

Herring are so plentiful in this section that on the farms lying along the shore they are used as a fertilizer, the ground being covered with them. They are simply thrown on the land in barrelsful, but while they fertilize the farm it must be admitted that they poison the air, and a whiff from a farm which has been so treated is hardly as invigorating as a breath of salt air from the sea.

At the lighthouse is the telegraph and signal station. Here is to be found Mr. John McWilliams, who has spent the best part of his life signalling steamers, of which some four hundred pass in the season. Then there are the lights, the rockets, Roman candles and other such appliances for night signals, the signal code being worked in the day time with flags, by which the lighthouse keeper is able to carry on a conversation in his own way with passing vessels, vessels desiring to be reported, vessels in distress, vessels in want of a pilot, and all the rest of it. This is the great international highway, where vessels from all parts of the world pass in review under the lenses of friendly telescopes.

At Father Point, too, is the pretty little church of Ste. Anne, handsomely decorated, with a bundle of crutches resting against the altar rail, mute evidences of the faith of those who believe that they have been the subjects of miraculous cures.

Up the shore some distance is the wharf, nearly a mile long, where the passengers land from the ocean steamers; and how eager they are to get the newspapers and learn the news! Opposite Father Point, where the St. Lawrence is thirty-five miles broad, is the Indian settlement of Betsiamits. It is on the north shore, and here the Hudson Bay Co. have a supply store. It was at this desolate looking place that Sir Donald A. Smith began life as a Hudson Bay factor, and the Indians remember him well. Now and then about Rimouski can be seen a patient-looking steer hitched to a cart, and occasionally a steer will be seen doing duty at the plough. Beyond other hotel is that of the St. Lawrence hotel, but the only original is that of Mr. Amable St. Laurent; but whether he is called after the river or the river is called after him, tradition saith not. Perhaps the best way is to compromise it by saying that they were called after each other. The district of Rimouski is represented in the Quebec Legislature by Mr. Martin, in the Federal Parliament by Dr. Fiset, and Mr. J. H. Pouliot is mayor.

ALEX. F. PHIZ.

Among the common hallucinations of the insane is the belief that a certain star influences their destiny. The hallucination has been shared by some of the great men of the earth to such an extent, that a French writer devotes a chapter in his work, Hallucinations, to the stars of great men. The author, Brierre de Bolamont, gives the following account of the star of the First Napoleon, which he heard, second-hand, from General Rapp: "In 1806 General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, entered Napoleon's study without being announced, and found him so absorbed that his entry was unperceived. The general, seeing the emperor continue motionless, made a noise. Napoleon roused himself, and, without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the sky, 'Look there—up there!' The general remained silent, but on being asked a second time, said he saw nothing. 'What, you do not see it!' exclaimed Napoleon; 'it is my star; it is before you, brilliant. It has never abandoned me; I see it on all great occasions; it commands me to go forward, and it is a constant sign of good fortune to me.'" Napoleon was an actor, and ready to impose on men, but it is possible that this outburst was due to a real hallucination.

A private of the Confederate army says that at first the glorious life was exciting wet, cold, hungry and tired, and would even refuse a comfortable shelter by "enduring hardness as good soldiers." Under a similar delusion, the whole guard would sit up all night watching for the enemy, instead of watching and sleeping by turns, as they soon learned the advantage of doing. He evidently feels amused, true Southerner as he is, at the recollection of the confidence with which the men used to boast that one Confederate could whip a dozen Yankees. "Generally speaking," he says, "two to one made hard work for the boys."

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—*Lytton.*

What a rare gift, by-the-bye, is that of manners. How difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talents; they will more than supply all.—*Bulwer.*

Common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; as people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift.*

On Divers Strings.

Erin Machree!

For Saturday Night.

How dear to my heart is the Emerald Isle,
With its wealth of past glory—its tear and its smile—
Its sorrow-clad centuries—starry-crown'd slope,
Now dark with grief's cloudlets—now bright'ning with hope;
How oft in my day-dreams I've felt the strange spells
That bind me to Erin—its vales and its dells;
How oft has my heart gone beyond the deep sea,
To greet thee, Mavourneen, dear Erin Machree!

I have lived in thy glory and breath'd of thy air;
I have knelt at thy shrines in the incense of prayer;
I have felt the warm pulse of thy patriot heart,
Now joyous at meeting, now grieving to part.
In all thou hast arch'd my young life with thy love,
As bright as the bow of God's promise above,
And wherever thy star may shine forth in the sky,
I pledge thee my faith and my love 'tl I die.

'Tis strange that, though cradl'd 'neath maple and pine,
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot wine;
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd tower,
And in fancy I've strayed by thy streamlet and bower—
And I've wandered afar from the place of my birth
To the land of my fathers—the fairest on earth—
And with heartfelt devotion I've wished thee as free
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin Machree!

Oh! land of my fathers, my faith, and my God;
How I long for true freedom to kiss the green sod!
Then my soul will sing clear as the lark in the sky,
And chant notes of thy glory that never will die;
For from East unto West, in the warmest acclaim,
Will ring in bright numbers thy deeds and thy fame,
And the harp of thy freedom be heard o'er the sea,
In the land of the Maple, dear Erin Machree!

TORONTO, ONT. THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A.

A Cook of the Period.

The looks of yer, ma'am rather suits me—
The wages ye offer'll do;
But thin I can't inter yer sarvis
Without a condishun or two.
And now, to begin: Is the kitchen
Commodeyous, with plenty of light,
And fit, you know, for intertainin'
Such friends as I'd like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at mass times?
Bekase 'tain't convayuent, ye see,
To wait, and if I behaves punksbul,
It's no more than you ought to be.
And thin, is your gurrels good-natured?
The rayson I lift my last place,
The Frinch nuns was such a high lady,
I sint a dish-cloth at her face.

And have yer the taste of objiotion
To min droppin' in whin they choose?
I've got some enlivenin' fust cousins
That frequintly brings me the noos.
I must have thim trayted powlightly;
I give yer fair warnin' ma'am, now,
If the sirp gets be closed agin thim,
You'll find me commencin' a row.

Those matthers agrayed on betwayn us,
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud
(She looks like the kind I can manage,
A thin thing, without any blood!)
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,
I comes for that time, and no lies;
And so, thin, previdin' ye'd want me,
Jushi give me your name and addhriss.

Two Lives—A Contrast.

For Saturday Night.

On the shady banks of his native river
A young man saunters, hopeful and strong,
The wavelets sparkle, the green leaves quiver,
The world is bright and life is long.

The glowing life of the youngest nation
Thrills his spirit with purpose bold,
He ponders the past since earth's creation,
And dreams of the years that are yet untold.

. . . . . .

On the other shore of that strange river
Old Us-ko-lah-lo* plods wearily on,
The waves may sparkle, the leaves may quiver,
But the world is dark and life is gone.

The dying life of a fallen nation
Flutters and fades in his aged breast,
The past yields no large inspiration
The future is dim, unknown, ungussed.

. . . . . .

The bright waves sparkle, the green leaves quiver,
But those lives are parted by things unseen;
The two pass on! all the wondrous river
Of human existence flows between.

UNIV. COLL. ALN.

*Log-in-the-river.

Ein Liederkranz Lied.

For Saturday Night.

Mein cracious, I dinks wen I veels me so varm,
Und I dake off mein somer blug hoot,
What vould I not gif wen I make me so good
Mit ein glass of das lager so goot.

I haf live in dis lant gwite a goot long times,
Und I vind me viel frents vom zu haus;
Und we make us a gompany ofer der bay,
Where we trink unser beer und carouse.

Und we dake unser frauen und children along,
Und fish vell dey blays on der sand;
Und we dalk of poor Fritz, unser Friederich der gut,
Mit a sigh for das alt Vaterland.

Ja, Ja, mit a sigh for das alt Vater'and,
But a Hoch! for der Kaiser Wilhelm;
Und we join to de toast of der Kaiser und King,
Dis Queen von Britannia's realm.

—HANS.

Here and There.

HIS ARTIST-SOUL RETURNED.

The solemn hour of pensive evensong
Flush'd o'er an artist who had tarried long
In vain attempt to limn a pastoral scene.
Alas! the power was fled that once had been,
And—youth is passionate—pale anger's serf
In fury flung himself upon the turf,
And sobbed in mingled ire and mental pain,
"Hear'n grant me back my *artist-soul* again."

"Heaven grant me back my artist-soul again;"
The woods and song-birds heard the sad refrain,
And so did Mangelwurzel's Durham steer
That charged the unsuspecting mourner's rear,
And fired him over the fence upon the head
Of the old darkey tramp, who softly said,
From 'neath the *boot* that struck the listening black,
"Befosh de Lawd dat artis' *sole's* kim back. H.K.C.

* * *

The park preacher is part and parcel of the summer weather, for the two are inseparable, and in the afternoon of the first day of the week he is on the war path with a double coat of paint. I had heard him before, and lately have seen and heard him again, and the conviction still remains that egotism is generally the key note to the park-preacher's song.

* * *

It is generally understood that there is no clear case on record of these park sermons having converted the shameless expounder of heterodox ideas, just as there would seem to be an equal lack of satisfactory evidence of backsliding on the part of the orthodox. In fact there is no convincing either side. The various disputants do not meet to be convinced; they are there to convince the other man—ergo, no one has his opinions affected in the slightest degree when the falling rain or the six o'clock bells disperse the meeting.

* * *

So long as the proper interpretation of "interference with the liberty of the subject" and "freedom of speech" is so little understood it would be impolitic to urge the abolition of Sunday preaching in the public parks. It may be that there is really no crying necessity for such an abolition, for, so far as the preaching is concerned, whilst good results are seldom secured, it possesses the negative virtue of doing little or no harm—save the bringing of religion somewhat into disrepute, though this is, apparently, a somewhat secondary consideration with the *Cuc. log.* afflicted ones of Queen's Park.

* * *

During the past few weeks the orthodox preachers have gone the champions of heterodoxy one better by the introduction of instrumental music, and thereby have introduced the element of discord into their own ranks. On the eastern side, near the St. Alban street gate, the Bible Christians' brass band fills the air with Moody and Sankey and the surrounding houses with bad language. But the western slope is not given over to sleep. The Salvation Army is encamped there, and its cohorts are "wide-awake and staring." Its centurions are on deck, and merrily the music pealeth from harp, psalter and the playful tambourine. The eastern side may be slightly the "tonier" crowd, but the balance of vim and go is with the "blood and fire" men.

* * *

Last week I went up to see and hear the colored preachers in the park, and whilst there is always a touch of the grotesque in the gentleman from Africa it was impossible but to admit that in native dignity the colored preacher is a long way ahead of the average Caucasian itinerant. The style of preaching was more remarkable for the gorgeous imagery which seems part and parcel of the negro nature than for soundness of logic. There was an occasional tendency to use words of many syllables, but not nearly to the extent I had expected. I must confess, however, to realizing what a miserably wicked sinner I am when a huge Senegambian in the midst of his address alluded to the free thinkers as the *reducksho od sheurbum*. This flood of eloquence ruined my honest reputation as one of a serious countenance. The ramming of a handkerchief into my mouth to stifle silent laughter at the moment of inception was of no earthly use. That laugh wav bound to see the world and it did. I am ashamed to say it was not a lonely stranger; several suspicious snorts and giggles disturbed the equanimity of the penitent bench in front of me. One or two allusions were made to the "cellestial world" and "de remarks dat hab been *projected* dis day." The "projected" seemed a favorite one, and was used by nearly every speaker, consequently it may be considered as sanctioned by popular usage.

* * *

Another preacher, whom the irreverence of some one in the crowd had nicknamed as the "Ace of Spades," arose and volunteered the astounding statement "dat we are goin' troo ter ternity at der rate of six-syllies—er—minnis," but how he demonstrated this I am unable to tell, for he got lost in the intricacies of his own argument; his brother pastors, however, guessing at his trouble, struck up a wild negro melody, which ran something like this:

"Over de sea,
Over de sea,
Blessed Saviour
Smile on me.
I took de Gospel trumpet,
An' golly 'ow I blow,
And if de Lawd ev'll 'elp me,
Will shout wherever I go.
Over de sea, etc."

* * *

The weakness for classical quotations alluded to above is not entirely confined to the colored portion of the community, for if reports of the City Council are to be relied on our city papas are dabs at interlarding the florid oratory of the Council chamber with frantic references to the *Vox Populi, Fiat Justitia* and other fag ends of the cheap dictionary; indeed it is one of those funny things which no fellow can understand, but nevertheless true it is that the least educated members of the community find it difficult to exist without an occasional nibble at the commonplaces of the classics, whilst those who have been saturated with the somewhat fraudulent education of the universities are content to write and speak in plain, sober English, except where a quotation becomes an absolute necessity. I remember as a lad being hugely tickled with the learned conversation of a radical village cobbler who gravely informed me that the well-known passage in Cæsar, commencing *Omnis Gallia in tres partis divisa*, &c., was "the first propyaishn in Heuclid.' But I suppose it always will be so. We admire that of which we know the least, and most of all we love the unattainable.

* * *

Nor is this partiality for classical quotation one that is confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. The modern Gaul is tarred by the same brush, and dearly loves the high-sounding though unfamiliar quotation which argues a parallel between the cause he has at heart and that of the patriot citizens of Rome or Athens.

* * *

Berry, the successor to Marwood as England's model hangman, is probably an individual of a fine turn of humor. In "working off" the murderer Upton, the doomed homicide was given a five-foot drop, which, it is only fair to say, is about the accepted caper for a man of Upton's physique. However, the murderer's neck, taking a mulish turn, refused to stand the awful strain put upon it, and collapsed with rather ghastly results.

* * *

The jury which sat upon the body, waxing indignant, hauled Berry up for examination. But those twelve good men and true reckoned entirely without their host. Men of an inferior calibre would have "knocked under" in such a trying matter, but Mr. Berry is a British hangman, and is cast in a superior mould. So, far from adopting the apologetic strain, Her Britannic Majesty's professional neck-dresser carried the war straight into Africa, and roundly abused and rebuked that humiliated jury for the unworthy stand it had taken. Even the coroner wasn't spared. Berry had the law on his side, and he let them know it. By the law of the land Berry was privileged in the matter of refusing his evidence. But Berry was magnanimous, and overlooked such a trifle as a point of law, and in all probability the jury wishes now he hadn't. First of all he censured the length of time the jury had taken in making the inquiry; any other jury, he said, would have done it in half the time. He had given a proper drop, and it wasn't his fault if the murderer's neck was a particularly weak one. And then, in the spirit of unadulterated humor, Mr. Berry informed those unhappy jurymen that when *their* time came he hoped *their* working off would be as quick and painless as that of the subject of the present inquiry. By a unanimous vote, we are told, the jury decided without further ado that the murderer ought to have been ashamed of himself to risk hanging with such a weak neck as he evidently appears to have had. ST. GEORGE.

Citizens' Letters to the Mayor.

MR. MAYOR—I am an infirm woman, going for seven years on crutches. Yesterday I came near being run over and killed by a car driver, and when I remonstrated with him he said I had no business to be out in the streets on such a pair of rickety old ramshackle legs, and that the streets of Toronto were only for folks with sound legs who could git up and git out of the way of passing teams, and that even they might be thankful if they got across the streets with their lives, for the streets were made for drivers, and not for folks afoot, anyway.

MARY THANKFUL.

MR. MAYOR—There is a man in our boreding house as swares. I don't like to hear any such low, higorant langwidge. My Muther never awore or tort me to swore.

JOHN CALVIN-KNOX.

MR. MAYOR—I haf one telligraj pole fronding mine gast-house. It be rodden in der ground near der hole where Id goes in. Der lightening mite strike mein vrow und nein childerren. Why dond you comes und dakes it away?

CARL SCHWIPES.

MR. MARE—I wus chairged tin cints for a spule of thread in a miserable dirthy little shtore by the blaggard of an Orangemon who kapes it whin Oi could get the same anywhere else for eight cints.

BRIDGET THURSTON.

MR. MAYOR—One of your perlissmen has clubbed mi gote, and broke his horn off. I want the city to give me a new horn or pay me five dollars.

JOHN MCSHAMUS.

MR. MARE—Shure yer rotten wather pipes birst and drowned all me hins I kape in the cellar. Ef I'd known ye was so generous of your wather I'd bin kapin ducks. Now, thin, ye ould paycock, I want pay for me hins, or by the Powers I'll make me ould man vote agin ye next year.

MARY O'POWERS.

MR. MAYOR.—There is a ded cat in front of our house tew days. I wish you would come and take it awa. It smells wurse tew day than ever.

MRS. MAGRUDER.

MONSIEUR LE MAIRE—J'ai beaucoup de trouble chaque night avec ze noise of ze enfant in ze next appartment in ze arrondissement No. 6. Voulez vous Monsieur Maire have it tue killed toute suite.

RUE DE LOMBARD FRANCOIS BOULANGER.

MR. MAYOR—I am an Englishman, lately arrived in your dirty and mismoverned city. I was recently horribly abused and called an English "bloke" and a "dude," because I refused to pay the driver of one of your beastly boxes of bobtail trains and waited for the guard to come and collect it. In London I should have immediately written to the *Times*, but, understanding that it is your duty to rectify all abuses and serve as the official maid of all work, I demand from you redress for the insult this cad has put upon me. SURREY.

SIGNOR MIOR—Bada mana stola mi monk-a. Me wanta monk-a backs. You getta monk-a—quicka!

AMERICUS VESPUCCI.

The Arizona "Kicker."

We extract the following from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker:*

"OUR POLICY.—Heretofore, as our readers know, the *Kicker* has almost entirely abstained from publicly criticising the evils which all know to exist under our noses. We have become tired and disgusted with ourselves for this lack of spunk, and next week we shall open a red-hot campaign on

"The Mayor,
"The Common Council,
"The Fire Department,
"All secret societies,
"The saloons,
"The gambling dens,
"And on various other organizations and institutions reeking with corruption.

"It will be a spicy issue. It will make more than a ton of human hair stand on end. It will make a thousand hearts thump like pile-drivers. Chicanery, deceit, hypocrisy, theft, robbery, arson and murder will be properly tagged off and the tags pinned to the right coat-tails.

"Order your extra copies at an early date. Advertisers should send in their copy by Saturday. Don't neglect this golden opportunity. Another may never come."

"A CANDID OPINION.—We have received visits from several of our leading politicians to inquire why the *Kicker* doesn't take a decided political stand in favor of one party or the other. It is a question easily answered. We are not publishing a newspaper for fun. Our convictions all run to publishing a dictionary or an almanac, thus leaving us neutral in politics.

"If the *Kicker* flies the Democratic flag and hustles for Cleveland and Thurman it must have some solid assurances that after election the editor will receive a call. A call with a salary of about $3,000 hitched to it would just about fit our shape.

"If the *Kicker* puts up the Republican ticket and blows for its success it must have something in writing to fall back on after election. We think we could fall back on a postoffice of the second class and not fracture our anatomy.

"We sat up all night last night waiting for a committee of Prohibitionists to come along and get down to facts, but the bridges were down and they didn't come. We don't say that it all depends on the *Kicker* which party rules for the next four years, but we do solemnly affirm that the editor will keep clear of the whole mob and publish nothing but poetry and local news, unless some pretty solid promises are held out to arouse his slumbering convictions. We are not for sale, but we do hanker for office."

* * *

"STOPPED HIS PAPER.—Old Steve Bridgeman, who has several times been alluded to in these columns as the meanest white man in Arizona, has stopped his paper because we did not have a column editorial on the Fourth of July. He says we are no patriot, and that a man who can't whoop 'er up for Independence Day is a cussed rebel.

"We have scratched his name off the list, and if he doesn't quit lying about us we'll scratch his carcass off the face of the earth.

"As to the Fourth of July, we were born on that day. As to patriotism, we've got more in our heels than old Steve could hold in his whole body. The man who intimates that we don't take off our hat every time we hear the name of Washington is a liar and a horse-thief. Our editorial on the Fourth was a solid chunk of patriotism weighing twenty-five pounds, but was crowded out to make room for the advertisement headed, 'How to Cure a Bad Breath.' We know our gait, and we think we know the great need of most of our townspeople. As to old Steve Bridgeman, we are expecting two or three of his six or seven wives to drop in on us any day and furnish us some powerful good reading matter. Don't be uneasy, Stephen—we'll get to you in a few days."

* * *

"WARNING.—We are no fighter. We have neither the sand nor the muscle to make one. We always knuckle unless there's a chance to run. We admit to a dozen lickings in the last three months, and in every case we were the only one who suffered.

"However, we want to warn the coyote who plastered our office door with mud the other night that the worm will turn. We are the worm. When we turn he had better look out. We can be kicked, cuffed, insulted and abused up to a certain limit. How far off the limit is, we don't know, but when we reach it, we shall be a bad, bad man to fool with."

A Fraudulent Foreigner.

The sun was going down behind the Western hills when a Philosopher started out for his accustomed stroll. Hardly had he gone a rod before he encountered a personage so singular that he could not but pause and wonder.

Of gigantic height and ferocious visage, bearded like a pard and attired in all the panoply of war. A gun, a sword, a mighty club, a knotted whip of many thongs formed but a part of his armory, and his fierce and lowering eyes peered this way and that as if in search of a victim for his ire.

The philosopher prudently drew aside to let this awful creature pass and would not have accosted him had not the other paused and spoken:

"Have no fear," it said; "I am perfectly harmless."

The pacific speech and more, perhaps, the mild and broken voice so strangely at variance with the ferocious aspect appeased the apprehensions of the Philosopher and he entered into converse.

"I fain," said he, "would know who and what you are. On my daily travels I do not remember to have met you."

"Very likely," was the sad response. "You are not in business or trade. But you must have heard of me—I am the Boycott."

In spite of his tutored mind the Philosopher could not repress a shudder.

"Heard of you!" he exclaimed. "Indeed I have! For several years the fame of your exploits has reached my ears, but this is the first time I have had the pleasure——" He paused and then asked with some timidity: "How comes it that you are alone? I had fancied that you always went abroad with a numerous retinue."

The Boycott sighed deeply, before replying. "Sit down," said he, motioning to a convenient seat, "and I will explain. Do not be alarmed at my proximity. This gun is not loaded and the sword is pewter. I am," he continued, without any further preamble, "a foreigner. In fact, I am an Irishman. I was a lusty infant shortly after my birth, and I won my spurs by assailing a military man who was guilty of collecting rents. My success was so great that I became a terror to landlords and I was induced to emigrate to America. Alas!"

"What is the matter?" queried the Philosopher.

"I should have stayed at home. On my arrival here I was welcomed by the workingmen as a benefactor, counsellor and guide, and on their behalf and at their instigation I attacked in turn every imaginable industry." (For the nonce the Boycott's voice became strident as he recounted his exploits.) "I walked into printing offices and demanded an increase of wages; I directed who should build houses and make all articles of use and luxury; I managed half the railroads in the country. When employers saw me coming they got down on their knees and crawled before me. I became so arrogant that I attacked women and children, poor widows keeping shop and young women teaching school, as well as lordly pork packers and railway magnates. I smile now (and it is the only satisfaction left), at the contemplation of such a large business carried on with no capital."

"Ah!" queried the Philosopher.

"I am," said the Boycott, frankly. "an arrant coward and always was. I smile at the cupidity that could not detect my true character. If it had not been for the daily press I would have been run out of the country long ago."

"The daily press! The palladium——"

"Of our liberties! Yes. I dictated editorials for nearly all the editors in the land and the editors truckled to my power when the slightest investigation would have punctured my pretensions. It was the logic of events that exposed me. It was noticed that when I attacked a newspaper its circulation increased, and when I forbade people to ride on a certain railroad the company had to put on more cars. Shrewd men even began to invite my attacks as a means of extending their business, and at last the editors plucked up enough courage to call me a foreign fraud."

"I hear that you are still in business out West," said the Philosopher.

"So I am," admitted the Boycott, with a ghastly grin, "and I am making a spectacle of myself, as usual. I bluster and roar, flourish my gun and wave my sword, but nobody runs away any more. I doubt if I could scare a poor bakeer woman now."

"It is a sad case," said the Philosopher.

"It is," said the Boycott; but what can I do? I am an exposed braggart whom nobody fears, yet I am forced to strut around and threaten people who mock me. Oh, why don't they let me go away somewhere and die? I think they might save me from becoming utterly ridiculous."

His distress was pitiful, but the Philosopher lacked words to encourage the fallen giant. Just then there came the sound of music in the distance, and a motley rabble hove in view, carrying rude transparencies.

"Hah!" cried the Boycott, his face brightening. "The Brewers and Brakemen's Union! My sole remaining believers! Let me join them and inhale the last whiff of incense from the remaining chumps of this continent."

And he was gone.

The Cat Out of the Bag.

Mr. Van Neere—You didn't brush the cobwebs off this bottle, Stanley!
Stanley—Axcuse me, sor, but I saw yez putting thim on, an' I wouldn't tek the liberty, unbid.—*Puck.*

One-Horse Power.

Our Energetic Footman—If dem flies wan's ter be ser mighty busy, dey jes' well might help dis yer coon do hes wu'k!

The Usual Good Time.

"Did you have a good time at the picnic, Libbie?"
"Oh, elegant!"
"What'd you do?"
"Oh, everything."
"But what?"
"Well, we swung in hammocks, and had a lovely time."
"What else?"
"Oh, we swung in swings, and Mr. Lillybud swung me ever so high. We had a lovely time!"
"Do anything else?"
"Oh, yes; lots of things—waded in the brook in our bare feet. Just think! Oh, it was awfully awful jolly!"
"What else?"
"Oh, we played tennis and had a spendid time."
"That all?"
"Oh, we got bushels of daises. It was lovely! We strung them all around our hats and all the boys put them in their button holes. Oh, it was jolly fun!"
"Do anything else?"
"Oh, no—we flirted fearfully! I never had so much fun. You really ought to have gone!"
"Do anything else?"
"Oh, yes—everything you can think of to have a jolly good time. It was just perfectly splendid!"
"Glad I didn't go," said Miss Kittie as she walked away, "same old thing over again."

What to Say.

For the benefit of those who are at a loss to know just what to say on seeing a new baby for the first time, and who naturally feel that they must say something, we give the following list of expressions, any and all of which are commonly used, there being no patent or copyright on them.

Whether you shall offer to kiss the infant depends somewhat on its age and appearance, and the extent to which you are willing to sacrifice yourself in order to please the baby's mamma. The baby itself doesn't care a picayune for your feelings or your kisses, but you are expected to say:

"What a cunning little thing!"
"Bright-eyed little chap, isn't he?"
"Why, how large he is!"
"I don't think I ever saw so young a child look around so."
"How much does it weigh?"
"What lovely, silky hair!"
"Looks ever so much like you!"
"What a little rosebuddy of a mouth!"
"Do let me see his little toes!"
"How very wise it seems!"
"I really believe the little thing understands every word we say!"
"Oh, what a splendid big boy he is!"
"Oh, what a dainty little girly she is!"

Any of the above will please the ordinary mamma. It is at your own risk that you speak the truth and say:

"Ugh! What a horrid, red, wrinkled little thing it is!"
"It simply doesn't look like anything!"
"Oh, what a big fat ugly thing!"
"I wouldn't touch it for all the world!"
"Ugh! I suppose I must kiss it, but I hate to!"

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE BRINK OF THE PIT.

Alonzo de Verona had no thought of self as he paced up and down his narrow prison-house. That he was to die was only from the stroke of fate which he could not avoid, and which he could prepare himself to meet. Under other circumstances the prospect of being thus cut off in the bright and early morning of his life might have been fraught with most bitter reflections; but now his thoughts were centered in one whom he loved better than he loved himself, and who had been brought beneath the destroyer's touch through his means. The name of Zenella dwelt upon his lips while fierce agony tore his bosom. He had done it all. He had followed her to her safe retreat, where the hand of guardian friendship had placed her, and, making power of the love which was in her heart, had bound her to himself, and to his own fearful fate. If he sought rest by reclining against the damp and reeking wall of his cell, his emotions so rent his spirit that he was forced to resume his weary, staggering walk. His cheeks were clasped; his brain was racked; and moans and prayers burst alternately from his lips—never a moan in view of his own fate—never a prayer for self; but his grief was for another, and another's name was borne upon the listening air in his fervent petitions.

How long a time had passed he could not tell; but he judged that it was about night. Intense suffering had worn him down to a state of comparative calmness, and he thought of the Doge. He did not ask himself if he could be saved, for his knowledge of the manner in which the Secret Three administered the laws gave him no ground for such hope. But might not Zenella be saved? If the Doge had seen her at the Verona Palace, and had been attracted by her beauty and her purity; and he thought he knew Giovanni well enough to be assured that his love for the gentle maiden could have been only the pure and trustful affection which a father might extend to a cherished daughter.

And as his heart went out in yearning for the loved one; and he was thus meditating, when the door of his cell was opened, and two men entered, one of whom bore a lantern. They were robed in black, and wore black masks.

"Alonzo de Verona, the hour has come! Follow me."

The man with the lantern thus spoke, and as he turned towards the door his companion took the prisoner by the arm.

"Is it the hour for my death?" asked the prince.

"It is."

"And I——"

"Hush! We can answer no more."

They led him through a winding passage, and down a long, steep staircase,—then through a vaulted way, to a circular crypt, where the massive walls, of uneven rock, were arched to the center of the roof, and where the dead and dismal air told of a place far away from the pure breath of heaven. A single lamp which burned with a flaring, ghostly flame, was suspended from the roof by iron chains, and by its sickly glare Alonzo saw other dark-robed figures, standing near the center of the crypt; and he saw, too, that a female was with them. He came nearer, and the female raised her head.

"Zenella!" he cried.

"My husband!" she answered, softly and sweetly.

He would have rushed forward, but his conductors held him back.

"Zenella! My wife! O! that I should have brought this terrible fate upon you!"

"No, no, Alonzo," she said, with a calmness that was angelic. "It was my love for you that led me hither. But this is not the end. If you have loved me as I have loved you, our spirits, which men cannot kill, may be re-united in a better world."

The words of the pure-minded wife might have given the prince comfort, but he was not at that moment discovered directly before him—so near that his feet had almost touched the brink—the mouth of a yawning chasm, at the which arose a mephitic vapor, foul and horrible. And he saw, where the rays of the overhanging lamp were darted down the Tartarian depth, projecting from the rough walls, sharp hooks and knives, and pointed pikes; and he remembered what had been told to him of this Stygian pit of torture and death. His brain reeled, and a cry of horror burst from his lips.

"Not there! not there!" he exclaimed, starting back.

"There is your doom!" pronounced a voice from the opposite side of the fatal pit.

"Aye—for me; but not—O! not for her!"

"Hush! my husband. Though sundered in life, we will be united in death!"

"Enough!" spake he who had spoken before. "The hour has come, and the sentence of the august tribunal must be executed. Ample time has been granted for preparation."

The speaker wore a mask, but Alonzo knew that he beheld the form and heard the speech of Dagolfo.

"O, Dagolfo!" he said, "if you have one spark of conscience left, the memory of this deed shall haunt you until the Great Judge of all calls you to final account! I dare not crave mercy at your hands."

The spy had taken a step forward, and had raised his hand, as though to motion to the executioner, when he suddenly stopped and bent his ear.

"Hark! What sound is that?"

"Some one approaches," said a familiar.

"Who dares to set foot within this secret precinct? It cannot be one of the Three; they are in council. Ha!"

As that last exclamation fell from Dagolfo's lips the heavy door was thrown open, and Azola, the Captain of the Ducal Guard, strode into the dungeon. But he came not alone. By his side came the juller, Tadeo, bearing a flaming torch, and close behind followed a full score of his stout guardsmen.

"Signor Azola!" cried the spy, leaping forward, "what means this intrusion?"

"I come in the name of the State," replied the captain, pressing towards the group in the centre of the crypt. "Where is the Prince of Verona?"

"Here, here, good Azola!" answered Alonzo, his spirit rising upon the wings of a wild and sudden hope.

"And Zenella?"

"She is here."

The captain's next movement was to leap forward and take possession of the mouth of the pit; and he answered no more questions until he had seen the executioners borne back, and the place of death safely in charge of his own followers. Then he turned to the man who had been vociferously interrogating him.

"Dagolfo," he said, "thy mask does not hide thee. Thou art summoned to the Council Chamber of the Ten."

"But wherefore dost thou come upon such a mission? By what authority does the Captain of the Ducal Guard make thus free with the secret places of the State Inquisition?"

"The Signor Azola does not answer to a base-born spy."

"Now by the doom of the condemned! thou shalt——"

"Silence, minion! What ho! guardsmen, take this man and strip the mask from his face. I would make no mistake."

The spy glared around him, and saw that there was no help. Stout men seized him and tore away his mask, and his dark, tiger-like face was exposed.

"I am not mistaken," said the captain. "Bear him to the Council Chamber."

The familiars and the executioners had shrunk back in fear and trembling. Never before had they known or heard of such a thing as the arm of the military power reaching down into this secret depth. As the greatest tyrants are most abject when conquered, so are the base souls of despots the most craven when brought into contact with a power which whelms them.

The captain now turned to the prince, and extended his hand.

"Azola! In Heaven's name, what means this? O, tell me! Is there hope of mercy?"

"There is hope of Justice, my good Alonzo."

"And Zenella?"

"Will doubtless share your fate, whatever it be."

"Dear Alonzo! my husband!" said the reviving wife, with a heavenly joy irradiating her beautiful features. "I can ask no more."

"Bless you!" ejaculated the prince, taking the loved one to his bosom. And then turning to the captain, he asked:

"Can you, dare you not explain? What is it? Who hath interfered?"

"The Doge."

"O! we cried Zenella her face beaming with new light, "if Giovanni hath done this thing, then there is hope. My heart hath not gone out to that man in vain. I was not deceived when I gave him my confidence and my esteem. O, my husband, I know that Giovanni is our friend."

"Come, come," interposed the captain, "we must not wait here."

The prince hesitated.

"My husband—Alonzo—do you doubt Giovanni?"

"No, no," cried De Verona, arousing himself. "Pardon me, sweet one. I think the Doge is an honorable man."

"Ah!" said Azola, shaking his head significantly, "you know little of Giovanni if you think he could harbor a dishonorable thought in such an hour. You know not what he has dared in this; and be sure he would not have dared it save for the honor of his realm. Trust the Doge, my prince, and follow me to his presence."

The prince took the hand of his wife, and when he met her hopeful look he took heart for himself, and followed the captain from the crypt without further remark.

The members of the Council of Ten were in their seats, and the Doge was pacing to and fro in the open space before the dais, his features worked upon by an anxiety most intense, and his whole frame quivering beneath the exciting influence of suspense and apprehension. The lieutenant and his men were at a respectful distance, in charge of the doors.

At length Dagolfo was ushered in, accompanied by four guardsmen. He gazed around with quick, searching glances, and seemed to take courage when he found that the Councillors were present and in their places, and that a certain other person was not in the hall.

The Doge had started forward when the party entered, and grasped one of the guardsmen by the arm.

"Are they safe?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"They are safe, your highness."

"O! God be praised!"

And then ejaculating, he bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands.

Presently the door opened again, and Azola entered, followed by Alonzo and Zenella. The Doge looked up, and as he met the eager prayerful gaze of those wondrous eyes, and marked the celestial beauty that seemed to shed a halo through the place, he started back, and shut out the sight with his hands.

"Not yet! not yet!" he murmured to himself, as though seeking to keep back a mighty emotion. And then he turned away, as from one from that upon which he dares not gaze.

Zenella had taken a step forward, as though she would follow him; but when she saw him turn from her she sank back and clung more closely to Alonzo's side.

"Prince of Verona," spoke the chief of the Three, in a tone of stern authority, "the captain of the guard has obeyed your most remarkable order, and the prisoners are in the presence of their our council. Since thou hast dared assume so much, tell us now what further thou wouldst do."

With an effort Giovanni recovered himself, and stood proudly erect before the chief.

"First," he said, "I demand to know upon what charge Alonzo de Verona, a prince of the realm, hath been condemned."

"That is a question which must be answered by those of the tribunal who passed judgment upon him," answered Montano, somewhat haughtily.

"Then I appeal to Rinaldi, the chief Inquisitor," said the Doge.

Rinaldi, who had seen Zenella enter the hall, and who knew that his wicked scheme for spiriting her away was entirely frustrated, had no object in hiding what he conceived to be the truth. So he answered, with demoniac malignity:

"His serene highness will find, I fear, that we now have three victims instead of two. Know that Alonzo de Verona, a foremost noble of the Senate of Venice, did take to wife a base-born slave."

"Ha!" cried Montano, brightening. "Is it so?"

"It is even so, my lord. The girl Zenella now before you, whom this prince hath solemnly wedded, was bought by the Count Antonio from him who is now our trusty servant, Dagolfo."

"And this hath been clearly proved?"

"Aye, my lord, by a bond under the very hand and seal of the old count himself."

"Doge of Venice, what say you to this?"

The chief of the Ten spoke as speaks a ruler to a subject, for he fancied that the tables were turning as Giovanni had not expected to see them turn. The captain of the host, when he saw the Doge hesitate, trembled with apprehension for well he knew that if this charge were true, not only was the prince guilty unto death by the laws of Venice, but those who had sought to shield him were also liable.

"Know you not the law?" pursued Montano.

The Doge had been reflecting, and Azola's own face brightened when he saw his master look up with the light of majesty upon his brow.

"I know the law, Montano, and be sure I will abide by it. Who says the wife of Alonzo—the Princess of Verona—is base-born?"

"I say it!" answered Rinaldi.

"Where is your proof?"

In his rage the Inquisitor unhesitatingly responded:

"Dagolfo is my proof."

"And he is your only witness?"

"No. We have that behind which the prince's own father, the Count Antonio, gave."

"That bond," said the Doge, "only shows that Antonio paid to this Dagolfo a certain sum of money in consideration of the transfer of Zenella to his care and keeping."

"And how," demanded the chief, "could the girl have been sold for money, here in the city of Venice, and in open mart, if she had not been a slave?"

"I will show you, my lord," replied Giovanni. "I have a witness to produce."

"A witness, your highness?"

"Aye, one whom I have this night found in prison."

The spy, who had taken a seat directly behind Rinaldi, now started to his feet.

"He means the Moor!"

"I mean the Moor whom your satellites arrested not many hours since," said the Doge, looking Dagolfo steadily in the face.

"He is an emissary of our most bitter enemies," cried the spy, furiously; "and, as such, I caused his arrest. Shall such as he come in here to be made the tool of traitors? My lords, I appeal to you. Give me back my prisoner. Will the State Inquisition see its sacred rights thus boldly invaded?"

"No!" shouted Rinaldi. "Our august body shall not be outraged further. My lord, will you permit it?"

The chief of the Ten, thus appealed to, looked first upon the Doge, who stood undaunted before him, and then upon the stout guardsmen, who, while their master quailed not, were ready to sustain him, at least until some one beside the wicked Rinaldi and the wretch of a spy assailed him.

"Doge of Venice," he said, "thou art treading upon dangerous ground. Beware!"

"My lord," replied Giovanni, "since I have gone so far in assumption of power, I will continue to the end; and by the result I will abide."

Then he turned to the lieutenant of the guard, and added:

"Bring hither the Moor."

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

The chief of the Ten had known Giovanni long and intimately, and when he beheld him thus bold and confident in his strange course, he was fain to believe that there were good and substantial grounds for the ducal interference. As a member of the Council, his own efforts were clear of intentional sin or wrong, though he well knew that all his companions could not say the same. Not since his recollection had a Doge of Venice before dared thus to interfere with the mandate of the Secret Three, or to make peremptory demand of the Council; yet, when he came to reflect, he saw that the Doge's solemn oath of office, recognized the lodgment of this prerogative in his hands. And, more than this, Montano had known and loved his father, Count Antonio. They had been playfellows and schoolfellows together; and when the chief looked upon the son of his old friend, he could not but feel a generous warmth in his heart. And when he gazed upon Zenella—so pure and so beautiful, and so mild and modest—her great suffering—he could not but let his heart go out in sympathy and mercy.

The Doge marked the various changes of Montano's countenance, and he knew how to read their meaning.

"My lord," he said, when he saw that the brow of the chief had relaxed, "I know that this is a most unusual proceeding, and one, perhaps, unprecedented; but if the end do not justify the means, you have the remedy in your own hands. Let me suffer."

"The end shall decide," answered Montano.

Once more Zenella would have approached the Doge, being drawn towards him by a power which she could not resist; but he motioned her away.

"Not yet! Not yet!" he whispered. "Wait to the end."

And she shrank back to the side of her husband, who stood speechless and quivering with anxiety and wonder.

When Dagolfo saw that the chief of the Ten had suffered the spirit of humanity to possess him, he glided from his place and sought to leave the hall by a secret door; but guardsmen were watching him, and his steps were arrested.

Shortly afterwards the lieutenant reentered the hall. Jew Ben-badad, in the Ghetto, had saw, and as the twain came nearer, a bright light leaped to her eyes, and she started forward with outstretched arms.

"Maleck! Maleck!" she exclaimed. "It is Maleck!"

The Moor returned her gaze, and a grateful smile warmed his dusky face, and rose warm in his eyes.

But the Doge came in between them, and addressed the chief.

"My lord," he said, "by the original law the State Inquisition is but an instrument in the hands of the Council of Ten; so your original body I turn for the revision of a sentence which is as unjust as it is barbarous. First, Montano, do you recognize this Moor?"

"Yes, my lord; and I now summon him as my witness. It hath been charged that Alonzo de Verona hath taken to wife a base-born slave; and he who now stands before you, and who is called Zenella, is said to be that slave."

Rinaldi had been whispering to Rinaldi, and at this point the latter sprang to his feet.

"My lord, as a State Inquisitor, I claim—"

But the chief stopped him abruptly by a heavy blow of his mace upon the marble pedestal before him.

"Rinaldi, only as a member of our Council can you claim a hearing here. You have made your charge, and have presented your evidence. Let the Doge proceed."

The chief of the Ten had resumed the full measure of his dignity, but it was plainly to be seen that his sympathies were with the son of his old playfellow as opposed to the scheming Rinaldi. Three of the Ten who were not of the Secret Three saw and were content to await the result.

At a nod from Montano the Doge proceeded:

"First, my lord, I charge the Secret Three with having been more eager to share in the confiscated estates of the prince than to answer the ends of justice; but Rinaldi was the guiding spirit of this wickedness. He it was who planned that only half the estates confiscate should go into the State Treasury, the other half to be shared by the Inquisitors and by their spy, Dagolfo, who was to bring the prince into their power, and produce the condemning evidence. But, enough of this. At a proper time I will demand justice upon them.

"You remember, my lord, that I was once sent to the Greek Emperor at Constantinople upon an important mission. That was almost twenty years ago. My wife accompanied me, and while there she gave birth to a child. You, my lord, were in Constantinople at the time."

"Yes, Giovanni," replied the chief, with a warmth of affectionate remembrance in his look and tone; "I was a guest in your own lodgings, and remember very well when your beautiful wife became a mother."

"You," pursued Giovanni, "returned to Venice before me. But at length I set sail, with my wife and child, and with my faithful servant Maleck, for home. As we were passing the island of Lemnos, in the Grecian Archipelago, our vessel was attacked by a pirate; many of our crew butchered in cold blood; we were robbed of all our treasure; and those who were not slain were retained as prisoners. My wife, who was sick when we set sail, died of fright. I was held in chains, and finally landed at Samos; but my child was kept from me—my darling—my only hope—my bright-eyed daughter—the only earthly link that bound me to my sainted wife—was torn away, and I was not suffered to see her more. And my servant Maleck was also held. And leaving me there, upon Samos Isle, the hard-hearted pirate sailed away bearing my daughter with him! The merchants of Samos knew the pirate very well. He was named Benedetto, and was a terror in those waters.

"My lord, in time I reached Venice, a man bowed with sorrow and with broken heart. I need not tell you of the years of gloom that followed, for you, who have known all my outgoings and incomings, have seen for yourself. Had I been a happier man, I should not have taken the weight of this ducal robe upon my shoulders."

"I know," said Montano, with tender sympathy. "I remember it all."

"One ray of light, and one alone," continued the Doge, "has beamed into the dark places of my heart since that dreadful hour. Beneath the roo of Antonio de Verona, I saw a beautiful maiden who reminded me of my lost wife—my loved Eleanor. Her sweet smile warmed my heart, and her gentle speech was heavenly music to my soul. When I gazed upon Zenella I seemed to see Eleanor as she was in the early years of our devoted love. But I dared not whisper the thought aloud. I feared that even a breath might dispel the blessed vision.

"But no more of this." The Doge bowed his head to hide the tears that had rolled down upon his cheeks, and when he had recovered himself he added:

"I call now upon my witness. You know him well, my lord. He served you when you were in Constantinople, and you know that he was faithful. Maleck, step forth, and tell the Council the story you have told me."

A dead silence reigned in the hall as the Moor came forward in silence, broken only, at intervals, by the labored breathing of Rinaldi and the grating of Dagolfo's teeth.

"My lord," commenced the Moor, with the calm dignity of one who speaketh upon the performance of a solemn duty, and who has truth for a guide, "you have heard what the Doge hath told, and if you will grant me leave I will tell you the rest. When the pirate Benedetto sailed away from Samos, leaving my master behind, he bore the child and myself away with him. I very soon discovered that the wicked man meant to keep the little one, who was even then, in helpless infancy, as beautiful as a cherub; and it became my purpose to remain with my sacred charge if possible. To this end I submitted with apparent cheerfulness to the assumed ills of my bondage, and so well did I succeed that the pirate at length gave me sole charge of the child; and he did this the more readily because the little prize would be worth more to him in my arms. We were taken to Smyrna, where Benedetto owned a house, and where a nurse was employed to care for the child, and where I was installed as a servant of the household. I had hoped that from this place I might make my escape with Giovanni's daughter, but I was destined to find that the pirate had made ample provisions against such an event.

"And so time passed on, while the child grew to be a beautiful maiden. But I was not always suffered to be with her. Sometimes Benedetto took me with him to sea, where I was forced to behold his bloody work. The girl had no recollection of her parents, only holding of her earlier life such ideas as the pirate had falsely impressed upon her mind. And I dared not unfold to her the truth; for Benedetto had sworn to me that in the hour when I did so, she should be separated from me forever. I knew, if I were even to whisper an hint of the truth into the child's ear, her emotions would betray me; so I was forced to keep my secret. Eleven years thus, and Benedetto sold me to a merchant of Tyre, and I was carried away from Smyrna—away from the sweet maiden who was to me as the apple of my eyes, and I was not even permitted to bid her farewell.

"Five years I was held by my Tyrian master, at the end of which time he died, and I was set free. From Tyre I returned to Smyrna, where that Benedetto had left that city, taking the maiden with him shortly after I had been sold; and finally I was told that he had gone to Venice. And then I came hither, and here I found Benedetto; but he was in a new guise, and wore a new name. He had become the chief of the Secret Three, and he called himself Dagolfo."

"And the maiden!" gasped Montano, in an eager whisper.

"I traced her from Benedetto's hand to the Palace of Verona, and thence to the dwelling in the Jew Ben-badad, in the Ghetto. And from thence, my lord, she had gone again to the Verona palace, but not there to remain. O, how my heart sank when I knew that the beautiful, the good, the pure-minded Zenella had again fallen into the hands of the crime-laden pirate. But there is a God in heaven, and——"

"Enough! Enough!" cried the chief of the Ten, starting to his feet. "I see it all now. By Heaven! she is the Lady Eleanor's own self."

The Doge, hearing these words, sprang towards the princess, and extending his arms. "O, Zenella! my child! my child! here, on my bosom, thou art safe! Thy mother died—but, in these arms, that held thee in infancy—here, O, here, my child!"

In the same low cry of ecstatic joy, Zenella fell upon her father's bosom, knowing now why she had loved him and revered him in the other days.

And the chief of the Ten, forgetful, for the time, of the dignity of his office, stepped down from the dais, and joined in the happy group. Zenella received her mother's kiss gratefully and his blessing, she went to Maleck, and, in the whelming of grateful emotion, she took his dusky hand, and pressed it to her lips. And the Moor wept like a child.

"Now, my lord," spoke the Doge, when Zenella had again sought her husband's side, "from the judgment of the Three I appeal to the judgment of the Ten. May I have your answer?"

The answer was quickly given, and assented to by the Council. In that the Prince of Verona had taken to wife, not a slave, but the daughter of one of the noblest families of Venice, the judgment of the Three was reversed, and Alonzo de Verona was restored to liberty, and to the possession of his titles and estates.

"And, what is priceless above all else," added the Doge, with streaming eyes, "he hath in possession the love of a true, a faithful and a devoted wife."

And shortly afterwards they went out from the hall of council. Rinaldi went forth to be, ere many days, banished from Venice, and his place filled by another. Dagolfo went forth to the doom he merited—a doom to which he had led many a fellow creature in the times that were gone. And Alonzo and Zenella went forth to find Beppo and Hester alive and well—went forth into the new day of joy which had dawned for the Doge—went forth to find friends and admirers upon every hand; but never, never to seek for an earthly boon more than they had found in their home within the warmth and the sunshine of their own well-tried and enduring love.

THE END.

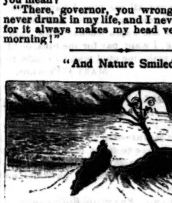
Murder Will Out.

"Heave a copper to a shipwrecked mariner, governor. Help me to stow my timbers in a decent bunk to-night."

"Give you money to go and get drunk with, you scamp!"

"There, governor, you wrong me. I was never drunk in my life, and I never mean to be, for it always makes my head very bad in the morning!"

"And Nature Smiled."



The above combination of the tree and the moon was purely accidental, but it dampened the ardor of the lovers for that evening.—*Life.*

The Headache Excuse.

The headache which prevents us from exerting ourselves to be agreeable at home, but which is non-existent in anyone's house but our own, is a very common affair, and which never cures with the most wonderful regularity every Sunday morning, just in time to prevent its victim from going to church.

This latter has been known to cease with the stopping of the church bells, and to keep in abeyance for an hour or two, only to seize its victim in its merciless clutches as the time for afternoon service draws near.

Even the most saintly of us have, in our youth, been martyrs to a Monday morning headache, or a sudden, but truly painful, jumping in the temples when our box was to be packed for school.

Which of us has not wondered at our mother's stony heart when, regardless of our sufferings, our books have been strapped and put into our reluctant hands, or the carriage has come round to bear us to the station, our critical state of health notwithstanding!

Yet how quickly our pains disappeared when we met two or three schoolfellows going down by the same train, with whom we eagerly discussed the doings of the past holidays and the chances of larks during the ensuing term.

Got Left on Cake.

Minister—Did you enjoy the Sunday school picnic, Bobby?

Bobby—Well, I didn't like the cake.

Minister—Why, your mamma makes splendid cake, Bobby!

Bobby—I know she does. But the loaf she gave me to take was eaten by the superintendent and the teachers.

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WHY?

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CHAPTER VII.

AT A REGIMENTAL BALL.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.
—*Othello. Act 3, Sc. 3.*

"You only asked me for two!" said Georgie, looking at the wretched Joey with her eyes wide open, more open indeed than he had ever seen them before.

"The other fellows were so desperately keen after your programme," the poor young man stammered, his face as scarlet as his tunic; "and—and—I didn't think you'd care to give me more than two."

Georgie, after another searching glance at him, turned her attention again to his programme which she still held in her little shaking hand. And you asked her for supper," she said, in a very low voice.

"I didn't," Joey blurted out. "I—at least—that is—she—at——"

"Asked you—and you couldn't resist her—that grenadier!" exclaimed Georgie in a scathing whisper. "Very well you shall give her the seventh as well," and forthwith she took the little pencil and ran a deep score through her own name, which was written on the space opposite to the seventh dance on the list.

"Georgie!" he cried, imploringly.

"I will go back to my mother, if you please, Mr. Lancaster," said Georgie, in supreme contempt.

"I won't let you off that dance," he urged, crying the effect of a little bounce upon her.

But Georgie was an adept at "bounce" herself, and the effect of his poor attempt was simply nil. "I will go back to my mother if you please," she said, with freezing politeness.

"I will do anything if you will only forgive me," he pleaded, abjectly.

"Will you throw her over?" asked Georgie her anger wavering.

"Throw her over—a lady? Oh! wouldn't that be a caddish sort of thing to do!" he stammered. "Oh! come now, Georgie, a fellow would deserve kicking if he did such a thing; and you'd be the first to say so if you weren't angry: you know you would."

"I am going back now," said Georgie in a furious voice. "If you won't go with me—I have asked you twice—I can go alone."

Thus the miserable Joey had no choice but to offer the offended little beauty his arm, and escort her across the room to the raised seat where Mrs. Darrell, with several of her friends, was sitting.

"Will you not have an ice?" he asked as they passed the refreshment table, which was laid out under the music gallery.

"Thank you—no," returned Georgie, frigidly. In spite of her anger, I think she would hardly have been able to resist the bribe of an ice, even at the recreant Joey's hands, had she not caught sight of Madge, who was meting out dances with evidently a none too lavish hand to two officers of the White Dragoons, while Lesley, the one with whom she had danced first, stood by, patiently holding her fan and her ice plate. The sight was enough to set the wrathful Georgie even against ices, and she marched resolutely to her mother's side, and then dismissed her squire with a stiff little bow which made the lad's heart thump within his tight tunic as if he were going to have a fit of hysterics.

And after that, Joey went mad; at least, years after, in looking back over that night's doings, he always believed sincerely and truthfully that he was entirely unaccountable for everything that he did. The same kind of feeling must have been working in little Georgie Darrell's breast, for she too had but little remembrance afterwards of what had happened, other than a confused dream of a series of more desperate and violent flirtations than she had indulged in in all her life before. Little fool! little fool! but she waited until that seventh dance was over, waited in secret impatience and anxiety, to see whether Joey would come and claim it or not, waited and saw him sail out along the polished floor with a young—Grenadier—that Cochin-China chicken—and then she grew reckless and cared not what she did.

Poor little Georgie! And to add fuel to the fire of her misery, she was conscious all the time that Madge was having such a lovely time—such a lovely, lovely time.

That was true enough! For Lesley, having been fairly startled by the beauty and grace of Mrs. Darrell's youngest daughter, had, after obtaining an introduction to her, promptly secured a goodly share of the dances on her unfilled programme. "That's the supper dance," he remarked, as he scribbled his initials against a certain waltz; "and you won't let any other fellow take you in to supper, will you?"

"Certainly not," Madge replied, with a laugh; "though I don't suppose anyone else will be particularly anxious to do so;" for it must be remembered that Madge had gone to this ball with but a poor opinion of her own attractiveness towards the men-folk, having been well coached by Georgie as to the likelihood of her not getting more than three or four dances at most. "Though, of course," ended the little beauty in her most sorry and condescending tones, "I will and I will do our best to get you partners; only, you know, men don't exactly like being chivvied into dancing with girls to oblige their relations, especially at a big affair like this, where there's no hostess to be civil to; they like choosing their own partners, don't you see?"

And Madge did see—or thought she did—and went off to the ball in humble hopes of getting, by great good luck, a dance or two at most. Judge, then, of her surprise when she found herself, before she had been in the room ten minutes, faced by this splendid apparition—I use the word advisedly, for Mr. Lesley had not becomes real flesh and blood to her as yet—in all the glory of his white tunic profusely embroidered with gold, with his shiny, shiny long boots which made an experienced beholder wonder how in the world he managed to get into them, with his smooth crop of sunny hair, his brave grey eyes, and the most pleasant smile Madge thought she had ever seen—imagine her surprise when she heard him supplicating, "You won't let any other fellow take you in to supper, will you?"

Of course, it was very pleasant for a beginning; and, in her simplicity, Madge answered that she did not think any one else would be particularly anxious to do so!

"Oh, won't they though! You wait and see," said Mr. Lesley.

And by-and-by Madge did see! But by that time she had got over the splendid apparition sort of feeling, and had already begun to think that this Mr. Lesley was the most utterly charming man she had ever known in her whole life, and altogether she was so delightfully and perfectly happy that she never noticed little Georgie's vagaries, or perceived the glances of concentrated fury which that little lady kept casting at her. And, at last, it all came to an end, and poor tired Mrs. Darrell insisted upon taking her daughters away.

"How good you are to have stayed so long," said Lesley to her in his most winning tones; "more especially as it is Miss Madge's first dance. I hope you won't be utterly knocked up by it; and by-the-bye, I think you said I might come and inquire for you to-morrow, did you not?"

"We shall be charmed to see you," said Mrs. Darrell, kindly. The elder ladies generally were kind to Lesley, as well as the younger ones.

"And you will be charmed, too?" he murmured to Madge as he took her hand.

"Surely I shall," she answered, frankly.

Three of the four pair of eyes that looked out from the dingy old cab rested admiringly on him as he stood on the pavement, with the garish light from the torches flaring down upon his gorgeous uniform of white and gold and on his sunny head.

"What a handsome fellow!" cried Mrs. Darrell, when they had turned the corner of the street.

"Lesley, is his name, Madge?" asked Violet.

"He is satisfied enough with himself," remarked Georgie, tartly, "for a whole regiment. Hate a man of that form."

"Oh! he's not your form at all," said Madge, calmly.

Georgie turned upon her in a fury. "What do you mean! My form—what is my form, pray?"

"Why, Joey Lancaster, of course," replied Madge, without an instant's hesitation, and then was horrified to see the gay and brilliant little Georgie suddenly burst out crying.

How shall I describe the scene which followed? Well, I hardly know. Georgie sobbed and raved and stormed, and when at length they reached home, she began quite from the beginning again, and sobbed and raved and stormed yet more. Nor could any one of them extract from her what was the actual cause of the trouble.

"Did you quarrel with Joey?" Vi asked holding one little hot hand in hers, and speaking in the most soothing accents she could command. "Was that it?"

"I—I——" began Georgie, then burst out afresh, and speech was stopped for the time.

"I thought something was wrong when she came back to me after the first dance," put in her mother. "Come, tell us about it, dear child; it will relieve your mind."

"Oh! cut the little toad and have no more of his airs and graces," cried Madge, who had kept a full share of her usual common sense in spite of the commotion.

"I can't cut him!" cried Georgie, fretfully; and then she began to moan as if bodily agony had suddenly been added to the mental anguish which was tormenting her.

"Can't cut him!" repeated Vi. "Why, Georgie, you don't mean to say you care anything about him, that——"

"I hate him," Georgie burst out, fiercely.

"Then why can't you cut him? You are not surely thinking of marrying—why, Georgie, my dear, it's impossible. The boy cannot marry any one; he hasn't a penny to bless himself with."

"I'm not going to let her have him," muttered the little beauty, sulkily.

"Her! Who!" in utter dismay.

"Why, Flora West, of course. She's got heaps of money, and—and——"

"And if she likes to marry him a very good thing for you," put in Violet, decidedly. "Why, Georgie, you must have taken leave of your senses! You, marry Joey Lancaster; you, with your appearance and your tastes; you, who have always said nothing should induce you to marry any one not rolling in money; you, who have complained so bitterly of our small means; you, who want horses and carriages, diamonds and gowns without end, menservants and maid-servants—and will you end with three hundred a year and Joey Lancaster! Why, it is preposterous!

During this—which was quite a lengthy speech for Violet—Georgie had somewhat pulled herself together, and now sat on the hearthrug, resting her elbow on her mother's knee, and picking restlessly at the now faded flowers on the bodice of her pretty gown.

"I did not say that I was going to marry Joey," she said, half sullenly, half unwillingly; "but, any way, I'm not going to let that Flora West triumph over me. Oh! if you'd seen the way she looked at me to-night: it was enough to make one's blood boil! I was! And he didn't care—after the first, not a scrap. But I'll pay him out for it; see if I don't: just you see if I don't," catching her breath with an angry sob.

"I have no doubt you will," laughed Vi.

"Oh!" chimed in Madge, from the lofty height of seven! "I mean—please don't think me rude to ask such a question—but—but she seemed to turn away as if—as if——" in truth he did not know how to go on, though he was longing to get certain information, and did not know how to manage it.

"Oh! no," replied Georgie, promptly. "My sister has never been engaged to any one never. There was never anything of that kind between her and Mr. Hills."

"Not so sure about that," was Lesley's comment to himself; and then, after a few words more with Madge, he betook himself away, having asked and obtained permission to come again.

One by one the visitors followed his example, and the Darrells were left alone, when Georgie promptly announced that the effort to keep up had made her head ache worse than ever, and that she should go and lie down on the dining-room sofa, and see if she could not get a little nap! So off she went, leaving her mother and sisters in possession of the drawing-room.

"The valiant Joey never came to make it up," said Violet, smiling. "What a quarrel it must have been."

"Oh! he was afraid," returned Madge; "but she will go out on some trifling excuse or other to-morrow, and she'll bring him back in triumph—see if she does not."

And Madge proved herself to be a true prophet; for, sure enough, as soon as lunch was fairly over the following day, Georgie set herself to find out the plans of the others for spending the afternoon, and, having discovered them, announced that her headache was not yet gone, and that a walk would do her more good than going to a stuffy musical at a house in stupid Ambledth, and she meant to go out by herself. Madge gave Violet a very meaning "I told-you-so" glance, and the little beauty was allowed to go her own way without let or hindrance, while the others went off to their party without her.

"No Joey Lancaster here, you see," murmured Madge to Violet, when they happened to meet in the tea room. "And that absurd Flora West is watching the door in an agony."

Violet raised her eyebrows. "What can either of them be thinking of!" she whispered in reply.

"He'll be there when we get home," asserted Madge. "Oh! thanks so much—yes, I take both sugar and cream; horridly unfashionable isn't it?"

And again she was right in her prophecy; for when they got home Virginie was just carrying the little red tea tray out of the drawing-room, and the valiant Joey was lying at his ease in the biggest chair the room contained.

"Oh! here you are, you dissipated people," cried Georgie in her airiest manner. "Well, did you have a good time? I almost wished I had gone after all, but I met Mr. Lancaster in town, and he came back to tea with me, so I haven't been dull!"

(To be Continued.)

Chronic!

"You are accused of being a chronic thief. What excuse have you got?"

"None, 'cepin' chronic poverty," replied the vagrant.

Her Sentiments Too.

A short time ago a lady arrived at a station just as the train which she meant to catch moved off. As she stood gazing at the train, her hands full of packages, a gentleman arrived at the station at the top of his speed, with his carpetbag in his hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. He, too, wanted to take the same train, but was too late. As he looked on the train, fast moving away, he sat down on a seat, wiped his face and very deliberately and emphatically said, "Confound that train!" The lady heard him, and smiling upon him with much sweetness, said, "Thank you, sir." He had evidently expressed her sentiments exactly.

White Dragoons put in an appearance, when straightway she forgot how ill she had been all the day and bloomed out into her very own self.

But, somehow Mr. Lesley did not seem to see the attractiveness of her little ways, and devoted himself to Mrs. Darrell and Madge with a blindness to the coquettish little beauty's charms, which made her set him down in her own mind as a great stupid oaf, who did not know a pretty or smart girl when he saw one.

And then one or two ladies came in, and one or more men—partners of Violet's, these, and, last, Georgie's special friends, Tom Hill, St. Oswald and young Hastings. But there came no Joey Lancaster!

Somebody asked Madge after awhile if she would not sing something, a request which was very quickly backed up by Lesley, who declared that he adored music, especially vocal music. So Madge sat down at the piano and sang a sad and tender little ballad, such as stayed in Lesley's heart afterwards in a most unaccountable way. It began:

"It came with the merry May, love,
It bloomed with a summer prime,
In a dying year's decay, love,
It brightened the fading time;
I thought it would last for a life, love,
But it went with the winter snow,
Only a year ago, love,
Only a year ago!"

A man less completely taken with a girl might have fancied that she was singing from the very lowest depths of her heart; but the idea never occurred to Lesley, partly because he was so convinced of her freedom from bygone affairs of any kind, partly because he was so struck with the expression on the beautiful face of the eldest daughter of the house.

During the song, her mind having gone back to the absent Joey—whom for at least an hour past she had absolutely forgotten—Georgie's expression changed, and she was now looking the very picture of abject, deserted misery. Not in the least did Lesley know what it meant, but he saw the sudden assumption of dejection and grief, and as neither *role* in the smallest suited Miss Georgie's style of beauty, felt on the inordinate desire to laugh. Then his eyes wandered back to the elder girl's sad face, and he realized that there was a grief as real and as lasting as the other was counterfeit and sham.

And then suddenly an idea presented itself to him. "Miss Madge," he was leaning his arms on the piano, when the murmur of thanks which ran round the room had subsided, and speaking in a voice intended only for her ear, "were not the Royal Horse quartered here before they went to India?"

"I really don't know," Madge answered, looking at Georgie for information.

"Yes, they were," said Georgie, forgetting her dejection. "Why?"

"Did you know a man called Hills in that regiment?" he asked.

"Very well indeed," said Georgie, gaily. "Such a charming fellow! We all liked him immensely!" then turned suddenly to Violet. "You remember Mr. Hills, Vi, don't you, of the Royal Horse?"

From the look which leapt into Violet's lovely eyes, Lesley saw that her sister need not have added the last piece of information. "Yes, I remember him," she said in a strained, unnatural voice. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he is an intimate friend of mine: that is all," replied Lesley, carelessly. "By-the-bye, you know that he is at home with the depot now, don't you?"

Violet shook her head. "No, I did not know it," she said, and turned abruptly away.

"How was it he did not come to the ball last night?" demanded Georgie. "Did not you ask him?"

"Oh, yes, I asked him, but I could not get him to come," Lesley answered. "Poor chap, I fancy he had some sort of a let down when he was quartered here, for he said emphatically he did not like, and loathed Ideliminster more than any other spot on the whole face of the earth."

"Ideliminster can get on very well without him," responded Georgie, very sharply; "I know, for my part, I never could bear him; he was never any friend of mine, and I used to wonder how my sister could endure talking to him."

"Your sister was not engaged to him ever, was she?" Lesley asked in a very diffident kind of tone. "I mean—please don't think me rude to ask such a question—but—but she seemed to turn away as if—as if——" in truth he did not know how to go on, though he was longing to get certain information, and did not know how to manage it.

"Oh! no," replied Georgie, promptly. "My sister has never been engaged to any one never. There was never anything of that kind between her and Mr. Hills."

"Not so sure about that," was Lesley's comment to himself; and then, after a few words more with Madge, he betook himself away, having asked and obtained permission to come again.

One by one the visitors followed his example, and the Darrells were left alone, when Georgie promptly announced that the effort to keep up had made her head ache worse than ever, and that she should go and lie down on the dining-room sofa, and see if she could not get a little nap! So off she went, leaving her mother and sisters in possession of the drawing-room.

"The valiant Joey never came to make it up," said Violet, smiling. "What a quarrel it must have been."

"Oh! he was afraid," returned Madge; "but she will go out on some trifling excuse or other to-morrow, and she'll bring him back in triumph—see if she does not."

And Madge proved herself to be a true prophet; for, sure enough, as soon as lunch was fairly over the following day, Georgie set herself to find out the plans of the others for spending the afternoon, and, having discovered them, announced that her headache was not yet gone, and that a walk would do her more good than going to a stuffy musical at a house in stupid Ambledth, and she meant to go out by herself. Madge gave Violet a very meaning "I told-you-so" glance, and the little beauty was allowed to go her own way without let or hindrance, while the others went off to their party without her.

"No Joey Lancaster here, you see," murmured Madge to Violet, when they happened to meet in the tea room. "And that absurd Flora West is watching the door in an agony."

Violet raised her eyebrows. "What can either of them be thinking of!" she whispered in reply.

"He'll be there when we get home," asserted Madge. "Oh! thanks so much—yes, I take both sugar and cream; horridly unfashionable isn't it?"

And again she was right in her prophecy; for when they got home Virginie was just carrying the little red tea tray out of the drawing-room, and the valiant Joey was lying at his ease in the biggest chair the room contained.

"Oh! here you are, you dissipated people," cried Georgie in her airiest manner. "Well, did you have a good time? I almost wished I had gone after all, but I met Mr. Lancaster in town, and he came back to tea with me, so I haven't been dull!"

(To be Continued.)

Rejected.

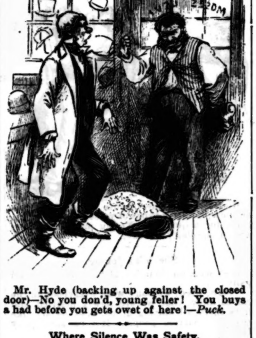
She trifled with me needlessly,
And when I told my passion,
Refused my heart quite heedlessly,
In most coquettish fashion.

"Ah, well!" said I, "I'll go and write,
As has been done by others,
Some verses, rapidly been and bright,
About rejected 'brothers.'"

I sent forthwith my sonnet gay,
Which eased my heart dejected;
Then waited to receive my pay,
And it came back rejected.

Jekyll and Hyde in Baxter Street.

Dr. Jekyll—Mine friendt, von't you sdep indoor a vhile? I show you some beautiful hats at half de cosd of manufacdure.



Mr. Hyde (backing up against the closed door)—No you don'd, young feller! You buys a had before you gets owet of here!—*Puck.*

Where Silence Was Safety.

Jepson—I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Johson, and while I have no reason to believe that you do otherwise behind my back, I think it does not harm a man to be criticized by his friends—to be told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes.

Johson—Tell you of your faults!

Jepson—Yes; criticize me, tell me what your honest private opinion of me is. That's what I want.

Johson—Jepson, you are six feet two and I am five feet four, and you want me to give you my honest private opinion of you! No, sir, Jepson, my boy, I'm no fool!"

This Is Too Much.

Among the obituary notices of a country paper we recently noticed the following: "Mr. ——, of ——, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday morning last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack by Mrs. ——, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

It Makes No Difference.

Doctors disagree. Some say whisky hardens the brain, others say it softens it. Meanwhile people without brains will continue drinking it, as it does not make an atom of difference to them—not an atom.

Had Him There.

Editor (something of a punnist)—Why do you say "The house burned up!" I thought I told you that houses burned down.

Reporter (meekly)—Yes, sir; but this one caught fire in the cellar.

FINE OLD PORT

Never before could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old Port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Feuerheerd introduce their

"COMMENDADOR"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO.

Messrs. Feuerheerd have now found it necessary to register this brand for the Dominion, and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found refilling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

"COMMENDADOR"

and see that the corks are branded. Beware of imitations.

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Gentlemanly agents will call upon application.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

He Swallowed a Sphere.

Mrs. Reagan (who lives over the hill)—Av you jurtes doan' shtop sindin' me poulthry home shtuffed full o' base balls, Oi'll have th' law an yez!

"Don" in Scotland.

(Continued from Page Three.)

was material enough to keep an artist and student busy all summer.

We drove down to Holyrood Palace, although told that the Lord Commissioner was there and we would not be admitted. A flunkey with a powdered wig met us at the door and was escorting us with his most distinguished consideration to the reception room, when our hackman incautiously yelled that we had better inquire if visitors were admitted. The Assistant Lord High Deputy Vice-steward, whoever he was, saw his mistake and bundled us out rather unceremoniously, but he could not deprive us of that rather short and blissful moment when we basked in the smile which he evidently intended for some one of a higher estate than ours. We implored him to let us see the room where Mr. Rizzio was stabbed, but he very firmly informed us that we could not see "anythink." After that we braced up and treated him as if he were a footman, but it was no go. We had to pass on.

We took a tour around Prince Arthur's seat, past St. Anthony's well, St. Anthony's chapel, St. Anthony's dance, and several other interesting points. The drives around Arthur's seat are delightful. It is not a very high hill—less than a thousand feet above the sea level. The Salisbury crags attain a still less altitude, but their semi-circular sweep of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and the abrupt terminal cliff form a very striking feature in the landscape. The view from the drives and Calton hill is indeed magnificent. The rock on which the Castle is built is a wedge-like ridge, with the Castle overhanging the point. It is nearly five hundred feet above the level of the valley. Surrounded and intersected by those lofty elevations, the architecture of the city is displayed to its full advantage, and deserves the poet's apostrophe:

> Edina high in Heaven wan
> Towered, templed, metropolitan,
> Waited upon by hills,
> River and wide-spread ocean; tinged
> By April light, or draped and fringed
> As April vapor wills,
> Thou hangest like a Cyclop's dream
> High in the shifting weather-gleam.
> Fair art thou, city, to the eye,
> But fairer to the memory:
> There is no place that breeds
> Such wistful thoughts of far away,
> Of the eternal yesterday.

We visited the castle and saw the crown jewels and Queen Mary's room, Queen Margaret's chapel, and several other things that tourists are always expected to look at, and then visited the Museum of Antiquities, St. Giles' Church, and a lot of other places it would only weary you to read about. In my next instalment I will give you a considerable number of very excellent sketches of Linlithgow Palace, where the old Parliament of Scotland used to assemble. I selected Linlithgow as a typical castle, which, will convey to the reader a better idea of old-time architecture than any other ruin I visited. The illustrations have been made for me from photographs, and I feel sure will give more pleasure than any others in this series. DON.

A Just Reward.

Miss Ada Newport (at Mrs. Rusher's reception)—Oh, my, Charlie; what a stampede for supper. It will be impossible for us to get a bite!

Charlie—I knew how it would be, and am prepared. (Takes from his pockets a napkin, a plate, two forks, two rolls, a *pate de foie gras*, a glass and half a bottle of champagne, and makes a spread on her dress.)

Miss Ada Newport—Oh, you dear thing! Be my husband—will you?

Charlie—Certainly.

The Reason Why.

Steve—Yes, poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers from the consequences of an early love affair.

Maud (instantly interested)—Oh, tell me, did the young lady die or prove false?

Steve—Neither. She married him.

The Doom of Fire.

"Well, at last I have found the way to make my fortune."

"How?"

"I've invented a grenade that will extinguish a fire every time."

"Really! But so many have been invented, and none of them have been successful."

"I know that, but mine will work."

"What do you fill it with?"

"The kind of kerosene they sell at the groceries."

Ninety in the Shade.

"Every dog has his day, you know."

"Yes, I know, and I wish the dog that owns this day would call and claim property."

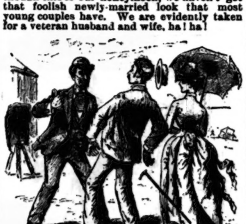
Just as Bad To-day.

Miss Travers—Oh what dreadful tortures they used to practise in the Middle Ages! Think of breaking a man on the wheel!"

De Smith—No worse than now-a-days; you never saw me out on my bicycle, did you?

A Brief Illusion.

Husband—I flatter myself, Elfrida, that although this is our honeymoon, we haven't got that foolish newly-married look that most young couples have. We are evidently taken for a veteran husband and wife, ha! ha!



Mora Sarony (one minute later)—Here you are now, boss, tin-types of yerself an' yer bride, three for a quarter! Young married couples are our specialty!—*Puck.*

She Was Joking.

They were on their bridal tour, and she said gaily:

"Now, Fred, we don't want everybody in the car to know that we are newly married, and have them all staring at us. Let us act like real old married people. It'll be such jolly fun."

"All right," said Fred calmly. "You just let me have that end of the seat; it's a great deal pleasanter than this. I'll take the pillow, too, and I guess I'll go to sleep for three or four hours. You waken me when we come to the dinner station. Spread that shawl over me, and——"

"Oh, I don't care who knows that we're just married," she said. "Sit where you are, dear, and hold my hand."

Dangerous to Trifle With.

Deacon Lukers (entering crowded car)—Say, you! Hev you paid fer that young one's seat!

Count Filippi (who has left his organ in the baggage car)—Sicca hm, Pippo!—*Judge.*

A Tender Way of Putting It.

It often happens that when a man obtains employment he "accepts a situation," and when he gets kicked out he "tenders his resignation."

A Persian Mode of Collecting Debts.

The Persian creditor having once determined to get his money, calls for it early in the morning, and cannot be persuaded to go away till it is paid. He brings his carpets with him and sits down in his debtor's bed-room, eating, drinking, sleeping and smoking there till he is bought off.

Some years ago—not many—a Persian had, or fancied that he had, a claim on the English Foreign Office. So one day he traveled away from Teheran, and after many strange adventures arrived in London, bringing his carpet with him, and fully prepared to sit upon the Foreign Office, which he supposed to be a person, till he was satisfied.

Lord Palmerston was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at that time, and took the thing good-humoredly, but Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of State, a sharp-tempered gentleman, was for calling a policeman.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with it. Still, it may be dealt with, and Sir John McNeill, a shrewd old Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian court, contrived to get rid of a dervish by a rather clever device.

At the New Year, which is kept as a festival in Persia, religious mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally tax a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and, as he would not give more, the dervish proceeded to sit upon him.

He established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and every now and then during the day, and when he awoke up at night, this dervish set up a horrid hullabaloo, and blew a cracked trumpet. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks, and eject him by force, but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon him. "Get rid of him if you can," said they laughing, "but do not touch him."

"Very well," said Sir John, dryly, and he sent for a bricklayer.

"Build me a wall round this howling beggar in my garden," said Sir John to the bricklayer, "and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall rose slowly around him, and made more noise than ever; but when he perceived that they really meant to shut him up in a tomb alive he jumped over the lowest part of the wall, and rushed away like a maniac. Sir John was probably the only European who ever got the better of a dervish.

This Exception Proves the Rule.

"There are no circumstances under which honesty and integrity of purpose will not stand a man in good stead," says some philosopher; but we would like to know how it will help the man who finds himself suddenly forced to associate with a bulldog in an orchard with a high wall round it.

He Will.

The bravest boy will quail when he appears in public for the first time after he has had his hair cut by his mother.

There you Have It.

Men who cannot imagine what an earthquake shock is like can form a slight opinion by treading on the trail of a quick-tempered woman.

No Nap—No Crown.

An old hat belonging to Napoleon I. was recently advertised for sale in Paris. It did not fetch much, as both the Nap and crown were gone.

MR. JOHN LUGSDIN
THE NOTED HATTER AND FURRIER
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High Class Groceries.
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LADIES!
MADAME BOUDOIR will remove all superfluous hair from the face by an entirely unfailing new method without pain or scar, or roughness to the skin.
No depilatories used. References from leading physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed. Note the Address
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Enquiries may be made by post. Enclosed stamps.

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Prince Alberts, Silk Lined Overcoats a Specialty
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at the lowest prices consistent with the highest standard

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Who is the Leading Teacher of Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has taught 15,000 pupils in Toronto? - Prof. Davis
Who has been teaching 35 years in Toronto? - Prof. Davis
Who wrote and published the only book on dancing in Canada? - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Jersey?" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Ripple?" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Broncho?" - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Navy Schottische?" - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers?" - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Frolique?" - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who composed and published piano music for the above dances - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rustics" to enter (Art Fair) Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) - - - - - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who teaches at five of the Principal Ladies Seminaries in Toronto - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who is the Leading Teacher of Stately Parlor Dancing in Canada - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
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WILL RESUME CLASSES SEPT. 1st
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DESICCATED SOUP
UNEQUALLED FOR
Health, Strength, Economy and Convenience
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CAMPING OUT SEASON
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London Style
COMES OUT. SEE THE LATEST
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NEW ENGLISH COLLARS
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Also all other kinds of Hair Goods, Wigs, Waves, Switches, Bangs, etc. Fancy Hair Ornaments of any description.
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SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
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H. S. MORISON & CO.
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GREAT CLEARING SALE
Gloves, Hosiery & Parasols
FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS. NOTE PRICES:
25 doz. Black Lisle Jersey Gloves.....16c. former price, 30c.
25 doz. Black Lisle Frame Jersey Gloves.....20c. " 35c.
15 doz. Super Taffeeta Gloves.....25c. " 40c.
15 doz. Pure Lisle, 10 button length.....30c. " 50c.
40 doz. Black and Colored Kid Gloves, 4 button....56c. worth $1.00
20 doz. All Wool Ladies' Cashmere Hose at 20c. less than half price
20 doz. Ladies' and Children's Parasols, selling for less than 50c. on 4
Just received 50 doz. all pure silk pongee Hdkfs. at 25c. cheap at 50c.
Ladies do not fail to call and get some of the above bargains.

Personal.

Mrs. Pieper is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hebden and family are also at Roach's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. James Richardson are leaving Toronto to take up their abode in Windsor.

Mrs. Myers leaves town shortly for a two months' trip to St. Louis and the Southern States.

Brother Ed. W. Sandys of the *Sportsman* has been whipping the Ottawa streams for all they are worth.

Miss Florence Harrison of Parkdale left for London, England, last week in the steamship Pomeranian.

Miss Jessie Corlett, who has been studying music with Mehan of Detroit, is spending her vacation in Toronto.

Mrs. E. M. Peel of Toronto, formerly of Boston, Mass., is staying at the Cumberland Hotel, Bridgton, Me.

Miss Bella Henderson of D'Arcy street is spending her vacation with the Misses Mills of Peterborough.

Captain Sears, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, will in all probability rejoin his regiment in the fall.

Mr. G. A. Brown leaves town to-day for New York and the Atlantic coast, and will be absent for a week or ten days.

Mr. S. Harold Muntz left this week for Muskoka, where he proposes to lotus-eat during the next two weeks.

Mr. E. B. Osler and Mr. H. C. Hammond of the North-West Land Company were at Roach's Point from Saturday to Monday.

Mr. Gifford Elliott of Goderich, an old Torontonian, has been in town during the week looking up old friends.

Mr. Arthur R. Denison is summering at the Island during Mrs. Denison's absence in Banff, where she is visiting her parents.

Rev. Provost Body and Rev. H. Symons of Trinity College, and Miss Vernon sailed by the Sardinian on Wednesday last for Europe.

Col. R. O. O'Brien leaves Toronto to-day for Orchard Beach and the White Mountains; his sisters and niece, Mrs. E. B. Leroy and Mrs. and Miss A. C. Little, accompany him.

Mr. Geo. Gooderham and Mr. W. H. Beattie intend taking a large party up to Lake Superior on the Oriole. It goes without saying, that with such hosts and such a boat the trip is bound to be a pleasant one.

Those who have known and liked poor Harry Jackson of the City Treasurer's Department will regret to hear that he has succumbed to an attack of blood poisoning. His death took place on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Croft and the Misses Croft of Oakbank, Rosedale, left the city on Wednesday by the steamer Algerian for Cacouna, where they will remain until the end of the season. Mrs. A. B. Flint accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson of Chicago, Mr. W. M. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mr. Temple, Mr. W. J. Scott, Mrs. J. D. Forman are staying at the hotel on the Western part of the Island.

SATURDAY NIGHT received a French paper from Dr. Ryerson last week, bearing the Paris post mark. The doctor's familiar form will, if all goes well, be seen in Toronto next week as he sailed by the Polynesian which is expected shortly.

The following party are recorded in *Fremdenblatt* as registered at Schwanon, Switzerland: Miss Bull of Toronto, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grafton of Dundas, Canada; Miss Grafton of Dundas; Miss Lou Grafton of Dundas, and Miss Edith Grafton of Dundas.

Mr. John Wright of the Walker House is down by the seaside at Cape Elizabeth, where it was hoped he was favorably convalescing, and SATURDAY NIGHT is more than sorry to hear that he has had a backset in the breaking out of an abscess, which will necessitate an operation at an early date.

Messrs. D. W. Saunders, W. J. Fleury, W. W. Jones, A. H. Collins, F. S. Dickey, A. H. Winslow, A. C. Allan, W. Godwin, J. H. Senkler and C. M. Shanley, take part in the match between the Ambitious City and Queen City clubs to-day.

Amongst the number of Torontonians who have graduated this week at the Niagara-on-the-Lake Assembly of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle are Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lake, Miss A. M. Brown, Miss Evelyn Sutherland, and Mr. H. H. Fudger of the Sherbourne street C. L. S. C.

Mrs. J. Baldwin Hands left on Wednesday for Belleville where she will join Mr. Hudson and other lady friends and proceed to the summer residence of Mr. W. P. Hudson, M.P.P., in the Thousand Islands where they will spend the summer. Mr. Hands will join them in a short time.

Mrs. Alfred E. Denison gave a pleasant boating party on Thursday night starting from the Argonaut Club House. Amongst the party were Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Wilson, Miss Hooper of Newburgh, Miss Woffindin, Miss Higgins, Miss King, Mr. George Wilson, Mr. Fritz Pieper, Mr. George King and H. E. Pellatt.

The St. Michael's parish garden party and strawberry festival committee offers a delightful programme for Tuesday next. Moss Park Rink has been engaged, supper will be served from five to eight o'clock, a good band is to be in attendance, and, given these, it is safe to assume that the proceeds, which are to be devoted to the cathedral heating fund, will be handsome indeed.

The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the concert in aid of the Fresh Air Fund at Lorne Park last Saturday night, viz., Miss Mara, Mr. John Earls, Mr. James Wall, Master Wall, Mrs. John McNeil of New York, Miss S. Mara, Mr. H. S. Mara, Miss Stockwell and Miss Henderson. Refreshments were furnished the party by the lessee of the hotel, after the concert, which latter netted over twenty-five dollars, to be handed to the treasurer of the Fresh Air Fund.

Messrs. F. Ambery, W. E. Foster, H. E. Samuels, P. T. Smiley, A. H. Collins, A. W. Armstrong, J. B. Beaumont, First Deputy Registrar G. Laybourne, Second Deputy Registrar W. Bennett, W. A. Toogood, R. E. Bennett, J. A.

Amongst the visitors at Long Branch Hotel are W. A. Geddes, wife and family; W. Lynn, wife and family; R. Chalkley, wife and family; E. W. Shepherd and wife, Alex. McLean and wife, R. Beatty and wife, W. L. Cheesworth and wife, Prof. Gregg, E. Smiley, Mrs. Crumpton. And among the cottages may be mentioned Messrs. S. S. Mutton, F. B. Allen, McLean, Boyle, Samuel Rogers, Butt, Graham, E. C. Walker, G. T. Booth, Winkler, English, N. T. Lyon, T. J. Wilkie, W. R. Gregg, G. McDonald, A. J. Somerville, J. H. Pendrith, and the Misses Holden.

Ruttan, W. Burton are the names of the gentlemen who condescend to scratch a quill in the City Registry office, and with such success that last Saturday afternoon Mr. Lindsey, the esteemed City Registrar, drove the whole party out to his farm at Weston, where they had a delightful afternoon and evening, reaching town at 12 p.m., well pleased with their reception and outing. The party was accompanied by Messrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, W. L. McK. Lindsey and J. H. Sinclair, the latter better known as "the popular Judge." SATURDAY NIGHT has the Grand Duke's personal assurance that this was the "outing" of the season.

The Saturday night dance at Monreith continues to be one of the leading features amongst the west end residents at the Island. Last Saturday's dance drew a large number of residents and their visiting friends amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Young of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Fleury of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. Shelton-Fuller of Woodstock, Miss Spratt, Miss Madeline Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. L. Armstrong, the Misses Larned of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Morrison, Mr. Willoughby, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mrs. Buchette Anderson, Mr. Small, Mr. Carter Troop, Mr. Arthur R. Denison and the Misses Drynan.

BANK NOTES.

Mr. C. E. B. Reed of the Molson's Bank here is taking the usual "much-needed rest."

Mr. Edward Henwood, that jovial soul, is in the teller's box at the Commerce *vice* Connolly, invalided.

SATURDAY NIGHT regrets that Mr. Connolly of the Commerce has not yet recovered from his recent accident.

Mr. James Denny of the Merchants' Bank is doing the Mackinaw trip, and will be away for over a fortnight.

Mr. Geo. B. Holland, late of the Commerce in Hamilton, has been removed to the Toronto office, whereby there is much rejoicing among his old friends here.

Mr. A. B. Brodrick of the Molson's Bank is away on a two month's trip to Jersey, the early home of Mrs. Langtry.

Mr. Sol. Bull of the Commerce—mind you, not Ole Bull, for the latter is dead—is out of town spending his holidays.

Mr. John S. Spink of the same institution did the Sunbury regatta, and was awfully disappointed at the failure of the "big four."

The Merchants' will be short-handed next week, as Mr. Philip Dykes of that ilk leaves for Galt next week for the summer vacation.

Mr. W. H. Snell, well known in cricketing circles, has been removed to the Waterloo branch, and is replaced by Mr. C. E. Rookledge.

Mr. H. H. Stevenson of the Federal Bank St. Marys, replaces Mr. F. Cole, who has been appointed assistant accountant, Bank of Ottawa, at Ottawa.

The staff of the Molson's Bank has received an addition to its number in the appointment of Mr. McCulloch, jr., to the post of assistant discount clerk.

And what applies to the last-mentioned is equally applicable to Mr. Macarrow, late secretary to the general manager, who has just returned from a pleasant trip in the East.

But as one individual is lost to us, another appears upon the scene to take his place. Mr. Percy Hemming of the Merchants' is the place taker in this instance and returns from his holidays, looking in capital trim.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Nearly all of our daily papers have a funny man, and several of our illustrated funny journals—weeklies—give us whole pages of funny paragraphs. The funny man has apparently come to stay, and judging from his averages, he will have to be with us some time in order to sustain his reputation. I can conceive of a clever fellow whose mind is given over entirely to observing the human commonplaces, turning out occasional witty things, but when you see before you, say, half an agate column every evening of these corruscations, half of which are at least up to the average, it seems a sort of genius; one begins to wonder how, when!

Wits, if they are good for anything, can almost always find a market in New York. Several of the best known of these witty paragraphers make very respectable incomes grinding out squibs to amuse the public. Clever turns on social and political subjects find the readiest sale, with the social, I think a bit in the lead. We are easily caught with a go at some foible of the "four hundred" and the class for which that number is a synonyme. Most of us are ready to laugh at a ridiculous view of pretentious individualism; it is a positive pleasure to be shown the petty weaknesses of people who assume a kind of exemption from the vulgar human things that we know all flesh is heir to. The comic papers have their special staff of editors and contributors, but they are always willing to pay for a really bright thing, and quite a number of literary hacks devote themselves to taking chances, if they can't sell to *Life*, or *Puck*, or *Judge*, they may to some one else. The *Epoch* has nearly a page weekly from one man, and he is said to fill this with those morsels not good enough for the *Sun* or the regular comics. Spotlets of the *Evening Sun*, is visible every afternoon, and with rare exceptions he adds lustre to the luminary on whose surface he appears. He is to my mind the cleverest of them all. I was curious to learn something of him and upon inquiry found that he was formerly associate editor of a popular weekly; that he has done some very creditable literary work both in verse and prose, and that over and above the very liberal salary which he receives from the *Sun*, he has an income from inherited property of some thousands. He is married, in appearance is a young man of dignity, has an air of seriousness, and demonstrates in his daily life the possession of unusual judgment and sound sense; not at all the man you would pick out for an inventor of minstrel jokes.

Suggestions for comic illustrations are always in demand, and original ones are worthy anywhere from one to five dollars. When there is a combination of joke and a knack of drawing, enough to point it plainly, the price is considerably better. It seems a poor sort of stuff, this, but yet it creates a laugh, and often directs attention to passing events in a way that impresses them forcibly. A mind once fairly working in this line, with a natural aptitude, finds little trouble in meeting requirements as to amount. Spotlets, I've no doubt, would take a contract to furnish every minstrel company on the road this fall with new gags, and might also add a new lease of life to several comic operas and burlesques by writing new topical songs. We are in the era of funny sayings; we are primed for funny views of life, of people, of things. What a very humorous subject indeed is the fall campaign; how rich in caricature, in irony, in sarcasm, in personalities! I sometimes think we are more and more becoming a funny people. There are many things in our national life, in our greatness and our wonderful prosperity to fill us with a sort of general hilariousness. We like to be amused, all prosperous people do, they can stand it.

One of the most amusing statements I have seen of late was the report of 35,000 Italian immigrants at Castle Garden in one month! These poor, dirty, ignorant, superstitious bipeds have left the poetic shores of sunny Italy; left the beggary and the squalor in which they have grown, as cattle leave a pasture, driven out by new masters, into new fields. It is said to be a proven fact that hundreds of these poor wretches are sold bodily before leaving home, for prices ranging for hundreds of thousands of people comparable to these; we are receiving them every day. None of them know what laws they lived under or why laws exist; they never learn aught of ours; they can't—it's beyond their intelligence. These people amuse us, too; they represent unique and grotesque form of life; they are "picturesque," if dirt, and filth, and beastly ignorance may be so. We laugh at them as they walk up Broadway from the Battery. Here's a mine under our feet of which we know nothing. It has broken out in one or two places—in Chicago, at the Haymarket, I remember, and yet we are mostly amused? CARRINGTON.

Young Ducks.

(For illustration see page 1.)

The little child from the lake-side cottage, perched on the boat-pier to look down on the pretty family of aquatic birds, ducks and chicken, beautiful in their glossy wet plumage, floating on the calm surface of the water above depths unknown, must wonder at their way of life, so different from that of herself, of her baby brother in the cradle at home, and of the feigned experiences of her favorite doll. This is the natural thought suggested by the German artist's pleasing picture; and it seems to open a new world of imaginative speculations, which the wider study of animated nature, if ever she gets a chance of visiting a zoological collection, or of learning the endless variety of living forms on earth, in the sea, and in the air, will but extend with increasing admiration. There is no end to the marvellous spectacle: from the simple mind of infancy to the philosophic investigations of a Darwin, all human intelligence may find employment in contemplating the diverse structure and habits of organic vital existence, and will never exhaust the interest of Nature's living works.

Alma College.

One of the handsomest advertising lithographs ever received at this office is that of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont. It is almost a work of art and worthy of the excellent institution it is intended to make more generally known. Few colleges have had the uninterrupted success which has marked the career of this institution under the able management of the Rev. Principal Austin.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Barrie this season has been very gay. Scarcely a week passes but some society event happens. The summer in the past has been the slowest season of the year. On Tuesday of last week an enjoyable evening was spent in dancing at the residence of Mrs. H. B. Spotton. Though the weather was excessively hot, dancing was freely indulged in. Among those present were Miss Cotter, Miss Johnston, Mr. Turnbull, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss Kortright, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Mr. P. Baker, the Misses Baker, Mr. Thos. Baker, Miss Spry, Mr. W. Spry, Miss S. Forsyth, Miss J. Forsyth, Miss Stevenson, Mr. F. Stevenson, Miss Crawford, the Misses McKellar, Miss Gurney, Mr. E. R. Morton, Mr. J. S. Porter, Miss Boys, Mr. Thos. R. Boys, Miss Holmes, Miss Bird, Mr. E. G. Bird, Miss Stewart, Mr. R. C. Gillett. The party broke up about two o'clock, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

On the Wednesday evening following Lady Kortright of Hillside held an At Home. The picturesque residence and grounds were beautifully illuminated. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and among those who presided at the piano were Miss Mercer, Miss Schrieber, Miss Stewart and Miss Holmes. I saw in the ball-room Miss Hewitt, Miss Murphy, Capt. Wish, Miss Cotter, Miss Johnston, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. Turnbull, Miss Holmes, Miss Spry, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, the Misses Bird, Mr. E. G. Bird, Miss Campbell, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Miss Boys, Mr. Thomas R. Boys, Miss Schrieber, Mr. B. Schrieber, the Misses Baker, Mr. Thomas Baker, Mr. F. S. Baker, Miss Spotton, Miss Buchan, Miss Knowleson, Miss Strathy, Mr. W. Spotton, Mr. E. R. Morton, Mr. G. H. Estes, the Misses McKellar, Miss Stewart, Mr. J. S. Porter, Mr. H. C. Crease, Mr. Bourne and others. Among the very pretty dresses worn, I noticed that a large number of ladies wore black. Miss Mercer had an exquisite dress of black satin and Spanish lace. Miss Cotter's cream moire dress and train was very handsome; while Miss Johnston's dress was of white and yellow China silk. Miss N. Baker looked very pretty in cream satin, and also did Miss Knowleson. Miss Kortright looked exceedingly well in black satin and lace. The party broke up about three o'clock.

Miss Hartford is spending her holidays with Mrs. MacKid.

Mr. F. H. Lauder left last week on a holiday trip to Port Hope and Ottawa. The fair sex will be represented at the station the day this popular young man left.

Mr. F. Hornsby has gone to Alliston to manage the branch office of McCarthy, Pepler & McCarthy.

Miss Strathy and the Misses McKellar are visiting Mrs. H. H. Strathy.

Owing to the spinsters of Barrie having their leap-year party so late in the week, my letter on it cannot appear until next week, when I expect to give a full description. VERITAS.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

THOMAS—On July 3, at Riverview, Mrs. H. A. Thomas—a son.

COOCH—On July 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Herbert C. Cooch—a son.

DUCK—On July 21, at Morpeth, Ont., Mrs. Henry F. Duck—a daughter.

KERR—On July 16, at 305 Jarvis street, Mrs. John L. Kerr—a daughter.

NEILSON—On July 24, at 221 Carlton street, Mrs. Hugh Neilson—a daughter.

BARNUM—On July 22, at Parkhill, Mrs. J. L. Barnum—a son.

JUPP—On July 18, at London, Mrs. James Jupp—a daughter.

TOWNSEND—On July 15, at Halifax, Mrs. Judge Townshend—a son.

WALKER—On July 20, at 118 Dovercourt road, Mrs. J. D. Walker—a son.

DUGGAN—On July 18, at Stratford, Mrs. J. A. Duggan—a daughter.

IRWIN—On July 16, at Kingston, Mrs. Wm. Irwin—a daughter.

MCCANN—On July 21, at Kingston, Mrs. J. S. R. McCann—a son.

MCHENRY—On July 23, at 308 Jarvis street, Mrs. Charles W. E. McHenry—a son.

MACCULLOCH—On July 23, at 209 College avenue, Mrs. W. Macculloch—a son.

ODELL—On July 21, at Woodstock, Mrs. G. A. Odell—a son.

COPLAND—On July 20, at Toronto, Mr. Wm. Copland—a daughter.

GRAHAM—On July 21, at Parkdale, Mrs. W. D. Graham—a son.

PLUMMER—On July 21, at Stratford, Mrs. T. Plum er—a son.

BRANDON—On July 5, at New Hamburg, Mrs. J. Brandon—a daughter.

TROTTER—On July 14, at Woodstock, Mrs. T. Trotter—a son.

Marriages.

HAMILTON—REID—On July 24, at the residence of J. G. Reid, Detroit, by Rev. Dr. Glennell, J. H. Hamilton, M.D., to Lizzie M. Reid, both of Hillsburg, Ont.

GUIZIE—MCLEOD—On July 25, at Woodstock, by Rev. D. D. McLeod, Barrie, assisted by Rev. W. A. McMillan, Moderator of General Assembly, Rev. W. H. Biale, B.A., pastor of Knox Church, Mr. Thomas, to Anna Scott McLeod, second daughter of J. C. McLeod.

BATES—DRURY—On July 24, at Trinity Church, Thornhill, by Rev. W. Wheatley Bates, M.A., rector, W. H. Bates to Honora Drury, both of Toronto.

CRESSY—HUOT—On June 30, at Providence, R.I., G. F. Cressy, to Aurelia Huot, daughter of Charles Huot of Quebec.

MALLEY—ARMSTRONG—On July 25, at 91 Gloucester street, Toronto, by Rev. W. J. Hunter, D.D., W. H. Malley of Milwaukee, Wis., to Mary, third daughter of Thomas Armstrong.

MCNEIL—MCNEIL—On July 21, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, by Rev. E. F. Murphy, rector, James McNeil, to Jane, daughter of Capt. Roderick McNeil of Little Glace Bay, C.B.

AUBRY—WURTELE—On July 17, at St. Paul's Church, Kilmar, P.Q., by Rev. Father Lacasse, S.J., Lieut. Etienne Aubry of Revel, lately of the French flagship Minerve, to Florence Wurtele, second daughter of Hon Justice Wurtele.

MACKAY—PERRY—On June 17, at the residence of the bride's brother, Simcoe, by Rev. E. Miles Croil, James McNeville Mackay, M.D., of Wallace, N.S., to Annie Mary Perry, twin daughter of the late James Perry of Simcoe.

NORTHEY—REYNARD—On July 18, at Montreal, by Rev. J. T. Pitcher, George Northey of Granite, Montana, to Catherine, second daughter of John Mynard.

OWEN—BOXBOROUGH—On July 18, at Montreal, by Rev. J. T. Pitcher, John Robinson Owen to Jessie A., third daughter of Henry Boxborough, all of Montreal.

LYNCH—PENDERGAST—On July 16, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Vicar-General Laurent, Michael J. Lynch, G.T.R., to Mary F., daughter of Mr. James Pendergast, Cobourg, Ont.

HUNTER—BRAILEY—On July 18, by Rev. J. Gillespie, Samuel Hunter to Jennie, youngest daughter of the late John E. Brailey.

HALLOWELL—BURWELL—On July 18, at the Chapter house, London, Ont., by Rev. Prof. Williams, Huron College, assisted by Rev. O. Edgelow of Brigden, Ont., Charles Geddes, son of the late William Hollowell, M.D., to Mary Helen, third daughter of the late H. Burwell, London, Ont.

MCDONALD—MCDONALD—On July 27, at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, by Rev. Father Pudkins, Alfred McDonald, lumber merchant, to Maggie McDonald, both of Peterborough

Deaths.

CAMPBELL—On July 22, at Brooklyn, William Morris Campbell, aged 23 years.

FRASER—On July 22, at Bowmanville, Agnes Fraser, aged 4 months and 7 months.

LANGRILL—On July 22, at Eglinton, William Langrill, sr., aged 84 years.

MACGILLIVRAY—On July 15, at Collingwood, Isabella Darroch Macgillivray, aged 60 years.

SPARLING—On July 21, at Kingston, Harold Douglas Sparling, aged 4 years and 3 months.

SLATER—On July 21, Sarah Ann Slater, aged 54 years.

BONNICK—On July 20, at 17 Hayter street, Joseph H. P. Bonnick, aged 74 years.

McDONALD—On July 21, John McDonald, killed accidentally, aged 49 years.

THOMSON—On July 20, at Scarboro', Isabella Thomson, aged 61 years.

McFAUL—On July 21, W. F. S. (Freddie) McFaul, aged 5 months.

FAGAN—On July 10, at Lexmington, Mrs. John Fagan, aged 78 years.

IDLER—On July 16, at Murray Bay, Frederick Albert Idler of Montreal.

McMURRAY—On July 8, at New York, Isabel McMurray of Brooklyn, New York, aged 46 years.

RUDD—On July 22, at Guelph, George Rudd, aged 18 years.

SCOTT—On July 21, drowned near Port Perry, John Campbell Scott, aged 17 years.

KUPITZ—On July 25, at 106 York street, Julius Kupitz, aged 46 years.

HAIG—On July 24, at Baltimore, Ont., David Haig, aged 76 years.

FELTER—On July 24, in the Township of Scarboro', William Telfer, aged 90 years.

JACKSON—On July 25, at Toronto, Henry Jackson, aged 45 years.

MUIR—On July 22, at Upper Lachine, Clara Jane Muir, aged 2 years, 6 months and 3 weeks

MUIR—On July 22, at Upper Lachine, James Leslie, aged 3 years.

GILLIE—On July 23, at Montreal, John Ogilvie, aged 58 years.

JORDANS—On July 19, Joshua Rordans, aged 63 years.

NEILSON—On July 20, at Scarboro', Janet Rae Neilson, aged 2 years.

BROOKS—On July 21, at 13 King street east, Thos. Dunn, aged 45 years.

SCHWARTZ—On July 18, at Chicago, Adelle Earl Schwartz.

KENNEDY—On July 23, at 107 Argyle street, Michael Kennedy, aged 84 years.

SANDERSON—On July 20, at 10 Gerrard street east, Alfred Sanderson, aged 2 years.

LESPERANCE—On July 17, at Montreal, Mary Lucy Rita Lesperance.

WATSON—On July 19, at Peterborough, Isabella Barack Mason, aged 4 years and 6 months.

RYAN—On July 18, at Guelph, Mary Ryan, aged 78 years.

WORTHY—On July 17, at Whitby, Darwin Leopold Worthy, aged 5 weeks.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

In reference to H. S. Morison & Co.'s grand summer sale, it would perhaps be to the interest of the ladies of the city to visit this handsomely fitted up store, which is becoming one of Toronto's leading retail dry goods houses. In order to make room for their new fall goods, which will comprise some of the choicest designs in dress goods, etc., ever imported, and to give them more space to add several new departments to their business, they are having a bona fide clearing sale, and a call will be sufficient to assure the public that goods have been marked away down, and better values in dress goods, prints, etc., etc., cannot be obtained anywhere.

Two Gladsome Souls.

They had been "to the 12th" at the Island Grounds and were now slowly wending their way home, hand in hand, over the green fields, down the lanes and under the leafy boughs o'erhanging the woodland road. They were a little limper and less lovely than when they journeyed forth in the dewy morning. Her robe of snowy white gave evidence of a dusty day and contact with the greensward, the rhubarb pie and the overflowing glass of lemonade. Her rosy mouth gave token of a prodigality of molasses candy and gingerbread, her breath bore the combined fragrance of peppermint drops and bologna sausage in unlimited quantities.

His step was less elastic than it had been; he was faint with the intoxication of three for a dime "segars;" he had learned by experience that there is a limit to a young man's capacity of containing pie and ice cream and lemonade and soda water and mixed candy. His limp collar and wilted necktie, twisted around under his ear, gave token of how he had exerted himself to be happy.

Fond memories of the day lingered in their young minds, and at last found utterance in words:

"Have a good time, Minnie?"

"Oh, just splendid, Henry!"

"Injoyed it, did ye?"

"Oh, I mean injoyed it!"

"How'd ye like the lem'nade?"

"Oh, it was splendid!"

"Them gum drops went purty good, didn't they?"

"Oh, wasn't they good?"

"How'd the ice cream go?"

"Oh, awful good!"

"What kind o' flavorin' did you take?"

"Vanilly—what'd you take?"

"Lemon. Wish't afterward I'd had vanilla, too. How'd ye like the soda water?"

"Oh, splendid. Wonder what makes it fizz?"

"Oh, some sort of a thing-a-ma-jig inside the old machine. They had purty fair segars, purty fair."

"La, Henry, how kin a man smoke segars!"

"Pooh! Wish I had a cent for all I've smoked. It comes natchrell to us men."

"I don't see how you kin. I think tobacker's awful nasty."

"That's 'cause you aint used to it. How'd ye injoy the swing we had in that merry-go-round?"

"Oh, wasn't it nice? Made me a little sick at first, but I thought it was lovely afterward. I'd liked to of swung a week."

"Glad you injoyed it. How'd you like the side show?"

"Oh, splendid! Wasn't that woman fat? I'd thought she'd of melted. You reckon that two-headed calf was born that way? I'd an idea one o' them heads was stuck on afterwards."

"Pooh! Of course it wasn't! Can't fool me! I wasn't born and raised on a farm to be tuk in by any such a wide thing as that. I'd a good mind to tell the show master so, too. That blamed old calf wasn't born with two heads any more'n you was."

"No, nor with two tails, either.

"Of course not. But lots of folks is green enough to b'leeve it. An' that feller never really swallowed that sword."

"Think not?"

"Naw—an' fer a cent I'd told the hull crowd what a fool he was making of 'em, but I jest thought if they wanted to be fooled I'd let 'em."

"La, Henry!"

"How'd you like the fireworks on Dominion Day?"

"Oh, they was lovely!"

"Glad you injoyed 'em. A dollar or a dollar'n a quarter ain't nothin' to me if a girl injoys things."

"Oh, I did, Henry; ev'rything was just splendid!"

"Glad you went, then?"

"Oh, la, yes; I wouldn't of missed it for anything!"

"Glad you injoyed it."

"Oh, I did!"

"Glad of it."

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The cream of society—ice cream.
Sic transit—Crossing the ocean.
A stitch in one's side never seams good.

No matter how warm the weather no girl enjoys being froze out on ice cream.

The only time when a woman longs to keep her mouth shut is when she is at the dentist's.

After all, it is lying in the sand at the seashore that will give a man real grit—in his shoes and pockets.

We know a man so careful that he speaks through his nose in order to save the wear and tear of his new false teeth.

Mother—Come here, child; I'll sew the buttons on myself. Fanny—I'd rather have them sewed on the boot.

Why is X the most unfortunate of letters?—Because it is always in a fix, and never out of perplexity.

A gentleman who had been struck by a lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

A voice comes from Arizona saying—Send us wives! and a thousand unhappy benedicts respond—Take ours!

Wife—What! Kissing the cook? Husband—Can't help it, my dear. That omlet this morning was simply perfection.

There is a mining company in St. Louis composed entirely of women. The stock-holders are interested in Minnie-ralogy.

The fellow who tells the truth with deliberate, sure-footed caution isn't believed half so often as the man who can lie with graceful volubility.

A negro wedding in Norfolk closed with the remark by the parson—We will sing that beautiful hymn, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

The assurance that a traveler to New Orleans can go "through without change" is a great relief to the man who has only one shirt and no small money.

A grocer over in Bloomington is supposed to be the honestest man in the world. He chases, he flies off the beam of his scales before he allows them to balance.

He—Pray pardon me if I seem a bear in my manner. She—I don't consider you a bear; you are more like a sheep. A bear would hug me, while you do nothing but bleat."

A Little Misapprehension.—Miss Dewdrop—Don't you think that Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth? Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—How should I know?

Family Physician—"I am afraid you have been eating too much cake and candy. Let me see your tongue."—Little Girl: "Oh, you can look at it, but it won't tell!"

"When you see a man look at his watch and put it back into his pocket, ask him the time, and in nine cases out of ten he cannot tell you till he has looked at it again.

Feminine street car conductors are quite the rule in Chili. They are pleasant-looking young women, who wear a uniform of blue flannel, white pinafores and Panama hats.

A London medical journal prints a learned essay entitled "How to Lie When Asleep." The paper is obviously addressed to those unhappy persons who talk in their dreams.

Eve must have felt that she had lostône of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

At Saratoga. Mrs. Quick—Why, how do you do, Mrs. Hopkins? But where is your husband? Mrs. Hopkins—Who, Hop? Oh, he's coming with the rest of the baggage.

The meanest man so far on record lives in New Haven. His wife asked him to give her a pet, some animal that would stick to her, and the next evening he brought a leech.

"Yes," said the aspirant for office, "I know that newspaper man; he throws mud at me." "He does!" said a friend. "Then, no wonder you know him. He undoubtedly is your mudder."

An exchange speaks of a Philadelphia young man who was hurt in the "locomotive works. This is a portion of the human anatomy that is not often mentioned, but it must be a tender spot.

Artist (who is spending a month in the country—My dear Miss Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful! Would'n you like me to do you in oil? Miss Purpleblossom—Do you take me for a sardine!

There never was a woman yet who ever bought a box of berries from a hawker without calling from the window "Are they good?" and there never was a hawker yet who answered, "No."

The Brooklyn girl who is alleged to have four stomachs may find it rather difficult to obtain a proposal. A wife who can eat for four is not what most of our marriageable young men are seeking.

Lightning struck a young woman in Mentone, Ind., the other day and spoiled three hairpins, no other damage being done. The evident moral is that young ladies should never leave the heads of their hairpins in sight.

Three different waiters at a large hotel asked a professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said, sarcastically, to the last: "Is it compulsory?"—"No, sir," answered the man; "I think it is mock-turtle."

"When she returned she found the money gone," is a sentence which is stirring up good and bad grammarians. "If it was gone how did she find it?" is the query asked by one side; and "It she hadn't found it gone why wasn't it there?" inquires the other.

It is harder for a dog with a broken leg to stay in a cellar two days than it is for a girl with new clothes to stay in the house over Sunday. If the dog had three broken legs, he would persistently spring at the cellar window with the sound one.

Didn't Want to See the Rest.

An old gambler who was reduced to poverty by a rather protracted run of hard luck, obtained the position of street-car driver. He had been so accustomed to playing cards that he could never divest himself of the idea that he was not plying his old trade at all hours of the day. A large, stout lady, entering his car not long since, forgot to deposit her fare. After waiting a reasonable time, the driver stopped his car, and said respectfully:

"I want to see your ante.

There was a pause of about three seconds, and then the cyclone struck. With one stalwart wipe of her parasol, she carved the gentleman's hat down over his ears, and in a kind of backward thrust nearly dug out the eye of a school superintendent just behind her. The passengers made a break for the rear door, and the car driver stumbled off the front steps. The stout woman was monarch of all she surveyed. With blazing eyes and arms waving like a windmill, she shouted:

"Want to see my aunty, do you?"

"No, by thunder I don't!" yelled the driver, looking at her from the sidewalk where he had ignominiously fled.

"Want to see any of my relatives you vile scoundrel? Where's the superintendent?"

"No, I don't want to see another darned one of them."

"I've a notion to come over there and flush the gutters with you, you villain, but I must be getting along home," and picking up the lines she drove about four blocks, and dismounted from her triumphal chariot. The crowd yelled and the driver limped up the street and again boarded his car. Hereafter he will make an earnest effort to abstain from the use of technical terms in the discharge of his duties as a boss of a street car.

Napoleon as a Deserter.

When the first Napoleon having abandoned Moscow, arrived at the ferry on the river Nieman, he asked the ferryman, who did not know him, if many French deserters had crossed over.

"No," was the reply, "you are the first."

Wonderful Child.

Even as a mere child Ludwig Boerne was quite witty. A very tyrannical and disagreeable nurse once called out to him:

"When you die you will go to the bad place."

"If I've got to have you around in the next world I'd rather stay where I am."

A Good and Cheap Meal.

Country Editor's Wife—This is an exceptionally fine codfish, I'm thin.
Country Editor—Yes, and I got it cheap, too
How much!
Only half a column.

Good Both Ways.

Miss Bunker (reading Browning)—Isn't Browning delicious, Penelope?
Miss Waldo—Perfectly divine!
Miss Bunker—How do you think he is the more charming, backward or forward?

Anxious to do Right.

"Well, there's the pie," said the woman to the tramp. "If you're as hungry as you say you are, why don't you eat it? What are you thinking of?"

"Madam," he replied, thoughtfully, "I have an aged mother in the poor-house, and I'm her only hope. "Thinking of her, I ought not to take any chances. No, thank yer, marm."

Not One.

Brown—Did you enjoy yourself while you were away?"
Green—Yes, didn't see a blessed debt-collector the whole time."

The Point of View.

What funny looking things these Foreigners are!
Ano Gaikoku Jin wa Honni Okashine!
(Which, being translated, means the same as the above.)

Defended Himself Stoutly.

Captain—Look here, when you two men were told off as an advance guard I didn't expect you'd disgrace my company by stopping at public-houses on the march down; but the colonel tells me he hears you did so.

Private Boozer—Why, we never looked inside a public-house, captain.

Captain—Why, the barmaid at The Jolly Waguers' said you had two pints of beer each.

Private Boozer—That shows how much you can trust her word, captain. It was stout.

Lucky For Him.

A clergyman at the Worcester Assizes, in the trial of a case that related to the soundness of a horse, was asked by a brow-beating barrister:

"Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I know, sir," was the reply, "the difference between a bull and a bully; the one has horns and the other"—(with a bow to the barrister)—"luckily for me, has none."

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To UXBRIDGE, SATURDAY, AUG. 4th.

Speeches will be delivered by prominent members of the Order, on the labor topics of the day. Proceeds to be devoted to the furtherance of the S-Hour Movement.

TICKETS Including admission to grounds ADULT - - 50c. CHILDREN - 40c.

Train leaves Parkdale at 7.45 a.m., Union Station at 8.00 a.m.; returning leave Uxbridge at 6.00 p.m.

THE "HAZEL BANK KENNEL"

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO,

Offers for sale the following Imported Cocker Spaniel Pups:
7 Pups 4 months old, ("Pat"—"Ruby")
5 Pups 6 weeks old, ("Pat"—"Topsy")
7 Pups 4 weeks old, ("Pat"—"Bijou")

Dogs, $10.00; Bitches, $7.00. Sire and dams are of the purest blood that can be obtained, and are very handsome and of full pedigree. This is a rare chance for breeders to get first-class stock at very low rates, as the owners intend to clear them out to make room for others.

This Kennel also offers for sale 1 handsome Greyhound, one year old, $20.00, and 3 Pointer Puppies (dogs) three months old, $15.00 each, and 1 magnificent black, White and Tan Cocker Bitch, ten months old, $20.00.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

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TICKETS 50c. CHILDREN 25c.

To be had from the Committee or on the wharf on morning of excursion. The steamer Hastings has been chartered for the day. Steamer will leave Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge street, at 8.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., calling at Queen's Wharf.

☞ Fine souvenir programmes.

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New first-class summer hotel. All modern conveniences. Moderate Rates.

LAKESIDE HOUSE

Hotel, restaurant and refreshments rooms, conducted on European plan. Just the thing for persons of moderate means. Special Sunday ticket per Chloe or Chicora, including first-class hotel bill, Saturday supper to Monday breakfast, $4. Ordinary ticket good to return during season, 75 cents. For sale at the Arcade Drug Store, 133 Yonge street, J. P. McKenna's Book Store, 80 Yonge street, the Methodist Book Room, 80 King street East, or F. McIntyre's Ticket Office, 65 Yonge street, Toronto.

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Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at the Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful Summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 59 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

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Change of Time

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Three Trips a day, beginning June 13, 1888.

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SEASON 1888

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J. HICKSON, General Manager.

Montreal, May 31, 1888.

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GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on approved principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought from you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

D. H. MCKAY, 19 Gloucester street.

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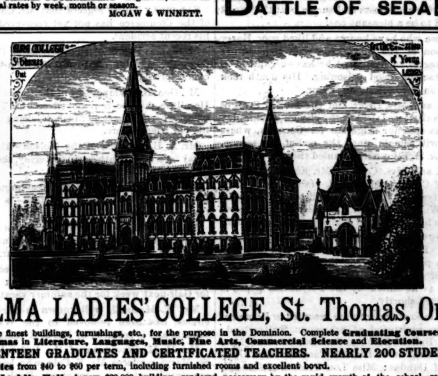

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